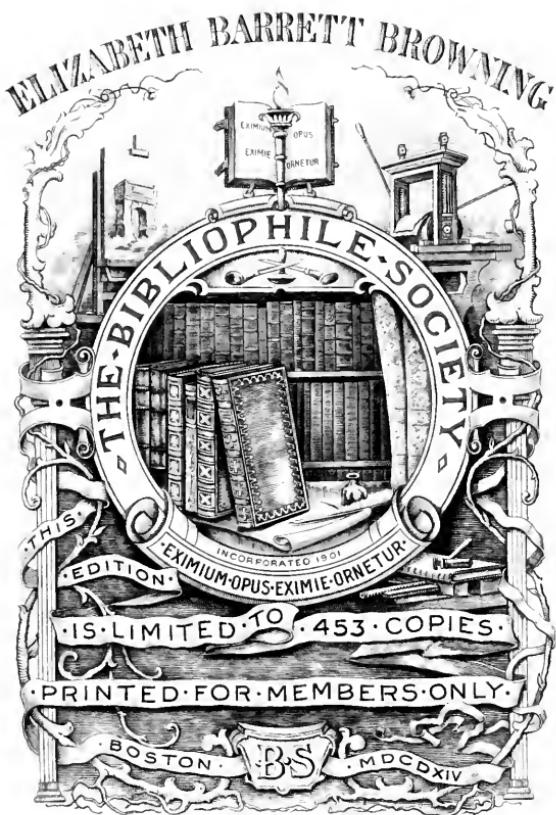




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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING







ELIZABETH BARRETT
BROWNING

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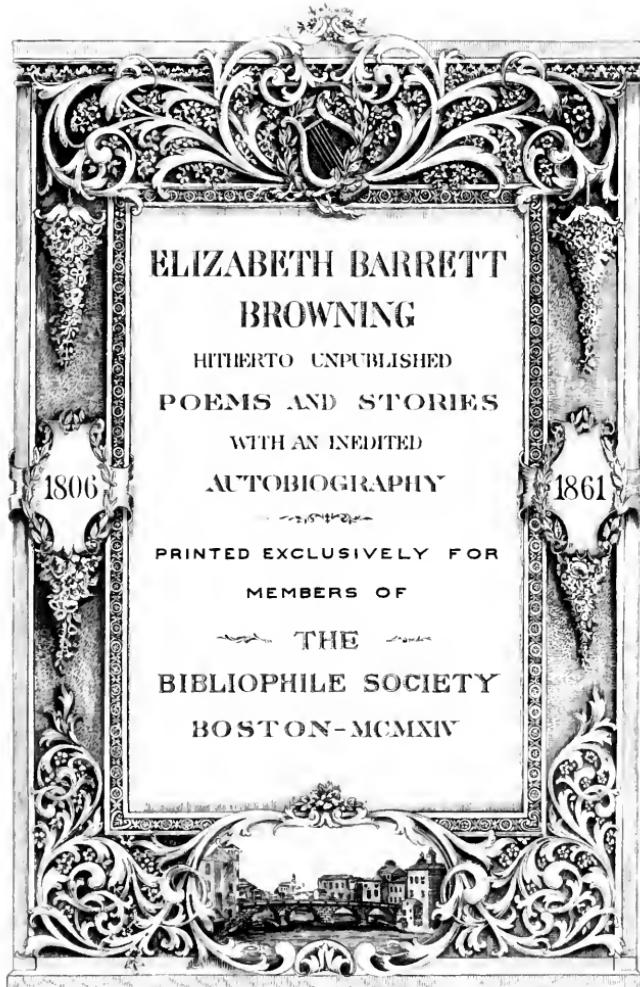
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NOTE

WHEN the tangled mass of MSS. comprised in these two volumes were purchased by Mr. Harper and loaned to The Bibliophile Society to be printed, they were placed in the hands of Mr. H. Buxton Forman, who cheerfully undertook the task of their editorial supervision. The work of disentangling and arranging in their proper sequence these papers and Mr. Forman's own important collection of Mrs. Browning's MSS. with the editorial commentary and notes has extended over a period of nearly two years; and those who read Mr. Forman's interesting introduction and his comprehensive remarks will require no further proof of the thoroughness with which he has performed this most difficult task. Indeed the scholarly and pains-taking manner in which the editorial duties have been discharged richly merits the gratitude and admiration of the literary world.

THE COUNCIL

INTRODUCTION

BY H. BUXTON FORMAN, C. B.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, born Moulton-Barrett, the illustrious author of *Aurora Leigh*, derives her name from a very old Cornish family of Barretts and a Norfolk family of Moultons. It was not to be expected that the priceless early autobiography with which the present collection of original documents opens would disclose much concerning her forbears; for it is strictly what she calls it, a series of "Glimpses" into her own life and literary character; and her more mature letters and memoranda, rich indeed in additional "glimpses," are never of a genealogical kind. The ruling factor in her pedigree, however, is doubtless the Barrett blood which has run through several generations of notable people in Jamaica, an island close enough to the American continent to give her family a considerable additional interest in the eyes of her countless readers and admirers in the United States of America.

Although there is no need to discuss the pedigree

of the Barretts of Tregarne and Penquite, who had held their lands in Cornwall from 1180, it will be useful to recall the historic circumstances in which a scion of that house, Hearcey Barrett, founded the Jamaica family. In 1655 the Lord Protector Oliver Cromwell sent a British fleet and an expeditionary force to Jamaica, appointing to the supreme command Admiral Sir William Penn, father of the noted Quaker who ultimately gave his name to Pennsylvania, and was but five years old when Admiral Penn was appointed "General and Commander in Chief" at sea, while it was to General Robert Venables that the command of the troops when landed was entrusted. Hearcey Barrett went out as an officer in this military force, and took part in the capture of the island in May 1655. When the troops were disbanded in 1660 he took up land in the island, settling at Withywood, now known as Vere. He had a son bearing his own name of Hearcey, who was by that time ten years old, and who, having attained the age of seventy-six, died on the 5th of March 1726, and was buried in the Cathedral of Jamaica.

Another noted name connected with the Barrett story is Scarlett, the family name of the Barons Abinger of Abinger in the County of Surrey; and before leaving Penn and Venables to the glory of their capture and following the Barretts down the

centuries, it is to be recorded that Captain Francis Scarlett of Eastbourne in Sussex was also an officer of the expeditionary army, was at the capture, and took up land in the island.

The Christian name Samuel comes early and often into the Barrett pedigree. The second Hearcey Barrett had a son and a grandson bearing that scriptural name; and there were thus in the early eighteenth century three generations of the Barretts of the estate subsequently renowned as Cinnamon Hill, North Side, Parish of St. James, Jamaica. Hearcey Barrett's son Samuel quarrelled with his family and took out a new grant of arms differing from those of the Cinnamon Hill Barretts. Hearcey's grandson Samuel settled about 1715 on family lands on the north side of the island, held under deed of gift from Charles II. Born in 1689, he had a family of fifteen; and, when he died in 1760, he left the property to his fourth son Edward, his eighth child, born in 1734. The Cinnamon Hill estate, where, by the by, Edward Barrett is buried, is between Montego Bay and Falmouth in the northern part of the parish of St. James. This Edward Barrett was a most successful sugar-planter; and he was evidently "a man of his hands," for, besides the house, much of his handiwork is to be seen today on what is now a very

different estate from the magnificent property of the late eighteenth century.

About the time that Edward Barrett succeeded to the family estate he married Judith, daughter of William and Sarah Goodin of the Spring Estate in the same parish. All the elder sons of this lady died either unmarried or without male issue; and the family of Barrett was carried on by her youngest son, another Samuel, who married his cousin, Elizabeth Wayte, daughter of Mary Wayte, whose father, Samuel Barrett, had married a lady with the name of happy augury, Elizabeth Wisdom. Edward and Judith Barrett's eldest daughter Elizabeth, however, is the person with whom we are now chiefly concerned. She married in 1781 Charles Moulton, son of Captain Charles Moulton of the Royal Navy, who was then in command of a warship on the West India Station. Captain Moulton of the Moultons of Shipden and Ormsby, in Norfolk, had brought this son out to the West Indies; and, when the young man wooed and wedded Elizabeth Barrett, she was but eighteen years old. It is here that the connexion of the Barretts and Scarletts comes in. Two of Judith Goodin's sisters married into the family of the Lawrences of Little River, who are ancestors of Lord Abinger, and in direct descent from Thomas Lawrence, the President of Cromwell's Council. Charles Moulton and

his wife Elizabeth Barrett remained in Jamaica for some little time, and had several children, the eldest of whom was Edward Barrett Moulton, afterwards the father of another Elizabeth Barrett, the great poet.

When the successful old Cinnamon Hill planter died in 1798, the lad Edward Barrett Moulton, who was born on the 28th of May 1785, became heir to the Jamaica estates; and under his grandfather's will he took the additional surname of Barrett and thus secured the old family name for his maternal grandfather's descendants. It was by royal license that Edward, as well as his younger brother Samuel Barrett Moulton, annexed the surname of Barrett to their patronymic Moulton. Their father having died early, Edward became a ward of his connexion James Scarlett, born in 1769 at Duckett's Spring Estate, some thirty miles from Cinnamon Hill, who had gone to England, had established himself very successfully at the Bar there, and, like Edward Moulton-Barrett his ward, never afterwards set foot in the Island of Jamaica, where the planters were beginning to feel the ominous tremblings that foreshadowed the total abolition of Slavery.

After a varied political career, Scarlett was made Chief Baron and raised to the peerage as the first Lord Abinger: by his great-grandson, the pres-

ent Lord Abinger, I am told that the lad is believed to have been brought from Jamaica by one of his aunts, probably a Mrs. Lawrence. His guardian, who had himself entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at the age of thirteen on leaving Jamaica for ever, sent young Edward Moulton-Barrett also to Trinity, though not when the lad was sixteen as recorded by Browning on behalf of his wife's family. The same authority records that his father-in-law was first placed at Harrow, where he was so savagely treated by the boy whose fag he was (for burning that monster's toast) that Mrs. Moulton, his mother, withdrew him from the school, and the delinquent was expelled.

Little or nothing is known of young Moulton-Barrett's college days. He neither matriculated nor graduated; and it is doubtful whether he even resided, if we may trust the printed book of *Admissions (1801 to 1850) to Trinity College, Cambridge*. His admission is thus recorded in that book:—

“Barrett, Edward Barrett Moulton, son of Charles Barrett of Jamaica. School, Harrow (Dr. Drury). Age 18. Fellow Commoner, October 15, 1801. Tutor, Mr. Jones.”

Before Lord Abinger, lately the occupant of Shelley's son's estate Boscombe Manor in Sussex and now residing at Rownhams House in Hamp-

shire, had kindly enabled me to clear up this chapter of family history, the printed record of the lad's admission to Trinity seemed to me so baffling and unsatisfactory that I had obtained a reference to the College archives. The original admission entry in Latin, obligingly consulted and extracted by the Senior Bursar, Mr. H. McLeod Innes, reads thus in the most essential part, relating to the names—“Edvardus Barrett Moulton filius Caroli Barrett de Jamaica.” Mr. Innes regarded the entry as containing “an odd blunder.” It looked odder still to my eye as given in English in the printed book. It was not obvious why a lad whose father was Charles Barrett of Jamaica went by the name of Edward Barrett Moulton and was directed by his maternal grandfather's will to affix the name of Barrett to Moulton on inheriting the estates in Jamaica. On the face of it there were two possible inferences to be drawn from these queer entries—first that the Latin entry was correct but elliptical, meaning

“Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett
the son of Charles,”—

the father's Christian name only being given according to the collegiate custom of the time. But, if the Latin entry were properly to be taken at its face value, as the compiler of the *Admissions 1801*

to 1850 took it, it would mean that one Edward Barrett Moulton was the son of Charles Barrett of Jamaica. Such an alternative might well lead to reticence and vagueness of statement; for although, on the whole, it might seem far more probable that the boy was the son of a Moulton by a Barrett and that the lady's father wanted his heir to have Barrett as part of his principal name, some rash investigator of the future might, if the matter were so left, choose to surmise that the truth was one unpleasant to the descendants of the Moulton-Barretts.

On the age of the founder of that sept, also, records conflict, or fail to fit each other. Browning says the young man was sent to Cambridge when sixteen. The Trinity record makes him eighteen—which turns out to be right, as he was born in 1783, and was seventy-three (nearly seventy-four) when he died (17 April 1857), instead of seventy-one as stated on the Ledbury monument. The last-named discrepancy is unimportant; he or his folk may easily have been twice tripped up by the question between cardinal and ordinal numbers—a man being, in common parlance, “seventy-one years old” however far gone in his seventy-second year. When he went to Harrow,—how long before the toast episode occurred, I have been unable to establish, the school registers of that period being lost;

but the Trinity record suffices to show that he came there in the character of a Harrow boy, and may serve to save the by no means contemptible toast legend from suspicion.

The genius of Robert Browning was of a coruscating splendour scarcely compatible with minute exactitude in regard to the affairs of every-day life and small matters of family history devoid of intrinsic importance. A strange instance of this incompatibility stands in his own will, written by himself, which contains a provision so ambiguously drawn that it might have affected materially, though it did not turn out to do so, the respective interests of his son and his beloved sister and companion Sarianna.

Browning records that Edward Moulton-Barrett went from Cambridge to Northumberland for an early marriage; but what he was doing between 1801 and 1805 (the date of the marriage) besides going about the country in a post-chaise with Mr. Scarlett when on circuit, we may as well admit in the phrase of the great poet's Cleon we "know not, nor are troubled much to know."

The lady whom he married was strictly speaking a Graham; but her father, a notable man of strong character, John Graham of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Fenham Hall, who had also a residence in the

parish of Gosforth, had, like the youthful bridegroom, changed his name by affixing another to it; and at the time of his daughter's marriage he was John Graham-Clarke. He appears to have had important commercial connexions with Jamaica.

The marriage was solemnized at the Parish Church of Gosforth near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. From the entry in the Register, kindly furnished to me with other details about the Graham-Clarkes by Mr. John Robinson of Newcastle and Sunderland, it appears that the marriage was by license, and both parties were described as "of this parish." They signed the entry thus—

This marriage was solemnized between us } E. M. BARRETT
} MARY G. CLARKE

In the presence of } T. M. BARRETT
} JOHN A. G. CLARKE.

The union was a very fruitful one, the "smiling little family" of Mr. and Mrs. Moulton-Barrett having consisted of the twelve children whose names follow here, being given partly from the Hope End Archives and partly from baptismal registers which have been anything but easy to track and decipher.

ELIZABETH BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT ("Ba," "Beth," "Elsbeth," "Elsba," or "Elibet"), born at Coxhoe Hall on the 6th of March 1806, and

EDWARD BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT ("Bro"), born at the same place on the 26th of June 1807, were baptised together at Kelloe Church on the 10th of February 1808.

HENRIETTA MOULTON-BARRETT ("Addles"), born in London on the 4th of March 1809, and

MARY BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT ("Mary Barrett-Barrett" in the burial register), born at Hope End in 1810, were seemingly baptised together at Colwall Church on the 13th of November 1810; and Mary, who died when three years old (not four as stated on the monument), was buried at Ledbury on the 21st of March 1814.

SAMUEL MOULTON-BARRETT ("Sam," like his uncle), born at Hope End on the 13th of January 1812, and

ARABELLA MOULTON-BARRETT ("Arabel"), born at Hope End in 1813, were baptised together at Colwall on the 14th of August 1813. The other six, whose names etc. follow, were also born at Hope End and baptised at the Parish Church of Colwall, in which parish Hope End is situate.

CHARLES JOHN MOULTON-BARRETT ("Storm" or "Stormy"), born on the 28th of December 1814, and

GEORGE GOODIN MOULTON-BARRETT, born on the 15th of July 1816, were baptised together on the 28th of October 1816.

HENRY BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT, born on the 27th of July 1818,

ALFRED PRICE BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT ("Daisy"), born on the 20th of May 1820, and

SEPTIMUS JAMES BARRETT MOULTON-BARRETT ("Sette"), born on the 11th of February 1822, were christened together on the 19th of August 1822. Finally

BUTLER OCTAVIUS MOULTON-BARRETT ("Occyta" or "Occy"), the last of the children, was baptised on the 25th of June 1825. He is generally supposed to have been christened Octavius Butler; but the register describes him as Butler Octavius. Butler seems to have been another of the family names, a "dear Aunt," Mrs. Butler, having died at Dieppe in August 1834 (Letters, I. 26).

The poetess's youngest sister must have dropped the final syllable of her Christian name early; for, while the Hope End archives and the Colwall register of baptisms, not to mention her father's last will and testament, agree in making her Arabella, she figures most frequently in her sister's letters as Arabel. The only autograph signature of hers which I have seen reads "Arabel Barrett;" and

Robert Browning, in whose arms she died, certainly spoke of her to me as Arabel Barrett. She had, he told me, some gift for drawing. She never married, but occupied herself philanthropically in various ways.

The estate of Hope End is near Ledbury in Herefordshire; and the family brought up there by Edward Barrett Moulton-Barrett count for so much in the life and works of her whom all the world knows today as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, that the tabulation of the names of the whole family and such other *data* as are obtainable has seemed to me neither an unnecessary nor a thankless task.

Why the first two children of this marriage were born at Coxhoe Hall has been another matter of speculation. The poet's birthplace has been as variously described as the Moulton-Barretts themselves, and that on authority considered credible. We are told that the Hall was the temporary residence of Mr. Barrett before the house at Hope End was ready for him, and also that it was the residence of his brother Samuel, who at the time of the marriage was a lad of eighteen, who was subsequently described as of Carlton Hall in Yorkshire, and who apparently lived at a place known by that name when he represented Richmond (in that county) in parliament. At all events Coxhoe Hall seems to have been, upon one tenure or another, the

“temporary residence” of both brothers, and Carlton Hall appears to have been familiarly known to the Hope-Enders in 1814 as “Carlton.”

From the foregoing tabulation we now know which of the children were at Hope End from the time of the settlement of their parents there. It will be seen that nine out of the family of twelve may be claimed as natives of Hope End. Elizabeth and her brother Edward must be called Coxhovians. For some reason unknown the mother was in London when Henrietta, the third child, was born, on the 4th of March 1809; but there is no reason to doubt that she was one of those who were at Hope End from the first happy days there. The fourth child, Mary, seems to have been born there; but no further trace of her appears till the year 1814, when, according to the Ledbury burial register, she died.

Now when “Ba” was six, the third child, Henrietta, was three, and the fourth, Mary, less than two. When the chronicler of fourteen records in the “Glimpses” her delight on her sixth birthday at her “triumph over the inhabitants of the nursery,” she says there was no upstart to dispute her authority, as Henrietta was “quite an infant” and Bro “never allowed the rage for power to injure the endearing sweetness of his temper.” If there was a child of about sixteen months also in evidence, the

“Poet Laureate of Hope End” (see page 7, *post*) must, one would think, have taken her into account; and it seems next to impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was at that time ignorant of Mary’s existence. Browning in 1887 seems to have found it difficult to get from his brothers-in-law authentic information about these early records; and Charles Barrett (“Stormy”), writing as an elderly man from the other end of the earth, claimed to be the sixth of the family, whereas he was the seventh—clearly not knowing anything of his sister Mary. About the child born in London, however, he put the dabbling and differing biographical writers to rights, by identifying her as his second sister, Henrietta, “Mrs. Altham” (formerly Mrs. Surtees Cook).

It is sad to have to refer at this important point to another small lapse from exactness on the part of a literary figure of such magnitude as Robert Browning. It must, however, be stated that in the matter of his wife’s birth and baptism there are varying, widely circulated accounts signed by him. They are dated alike, the 10th of December 1887; and in one of them it is said that the eldest daughter of the Moulton-Barretts died in childhood. Writing to *The Athenæum* on the 4th of February 1888, he says that his *data* were “furnished from a source the authority of which is indisputable.” He

adds—"For myself, I have always disclaimed any pretence to certitude in the matter from knowledge of my own. A single point in my notice requires correction, however. The sister who died in childhood was the elder in birth, I now find." Now that is the very statement which he is desirous of correcting; and there can, I think, be no doubt that either he or the editor or printer of *The Athenæum* accidentally omitted the word *not* before *the elder in birth*. For certainly the statement is erroneous without the *not*; and it is equally certain that, in quoting from the Kelloe register of baptisms in this same notice of his, he describes his wife as "daughter and first child of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett." Thus he had clearly been misinformed when he gave the incorrect version, and was the victim of a mere *lapsus calami* when correcting it. He is further made responsible for two different versions of the entry in the Kelloe register, one of which reads thus:—

"Elizabeth Barrett, daughter of Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett, and Mary his wife, born at Coxhoe Hall, County of Durham on March 6th at seven o'clock in the evening in the year 1806."

The other agrees substantially with this, but says nothing about seven o'clock in the evening; for which interpolation his family informant must

have been responsible. Canon Burnet has favoured me with a certified extract of the entry, which has no such words in it.

To an infant mind so keenly receptive as that of the little Elizabeth the surroundings in which it first saw the light must have counted for a good deal. Coxhoe Hall was, as it still is, a mansion with a distinctive character of its own—situate in notable grounds.¹ The owner of the land at the beginning of the eighteenth century was one John Burdon, who built the Hall in or about the year 1725, when he brought a number of Italian workmen to execute the internal decorations in a manner harmonious with the castellated Gothic of the structure, the main entrance to which faced south, while the west façade was “almost as striking” as the principal one. The extensive grounds, with their Avenue and Long Walk, laid out with great taste, preserve their picturesque beauty to the present day. The carving done by Burdon’s Italians is peculiarly rich in the three chief reception rooms; and the interior abounds with finely modelled brackets and cornices, “of the florid Italian style intermixed with a few classical designs.” The fire-

¹ *The Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend* for July 1889 contains an interesting article on Mrs. Browning’s Birthplace, on which I have fully drawn for information about Coxhoe Hall.

places are works of art; and the staircase is described as a noble sample of highly decorative work.

On that breezy elevation, where the principal objects were Coxhoe Hall and Kelloe Church, the very air must have had a stimulating effect on a babe who grew to record at 14 that her mind since the first year of her birth "had ever been in commotion not proceeding from external causes but from those internal reflections and internal passions" which were "such powerful attributes of her character." One cannot doubt that the three years passed at Coxhoe whereof she records nothing expressly had a bracing influence on the temperament which she brought into Herefordshire when, the house at Hope End being ready for the reception of the family, they took up their twenty-three years' residence there.

The fortunes of Hope End have not been so happy as those of Coxhoe Hall. From Kelly's Herefordshire Directory (1913) it appears the house so named was destroyed by fire in 1911, that it "was a noble modern mansion, occupying a commanding position between Malvern and Ledbury, and was erected by the late James Charles Archibald Hewitt Esq. D.L., J.P., in place of a former house which was the early residence of Mrs. Barrett Browning, and subsequently the scene of many

of her writings." There was a house there before the time of the Moulton-Barrett "Minarets and Dome," which appear to have been incidents in the transmogrification of the seat of Sir Henry Vane Tempest to adapt it to Edward Moulton-Barrett's taste.

The hero of the Minarets and Dome, the "polished walls," the great Clock, the Farm, etc. (of pages 87 to 90, *post*), was not the first to bear the name of Barrett about that neighbourhood; for in his own parish of Colwall there was a Rev. J. Barrett who, in the eighteenth century, wrote a *Description of Malvern and its Environs*, and published it at Worcester in 1796. He describes the Vane Tempest house of Hope End as "partly a modern structure," but of course could not enable us to judge how much of the older or the newer part gave place to the domed building of the Moulton-Barrett period. Whether he was a relative of Mrs. Charles Moulton's I have not ascertained.

Although pilgrims may still visit the "shrine of the dawning speech and thought" of Elizabeth Barrett Browning by the courtesy of the present occupant, Mr. John Wood, and apprehend the nature and extent of the influences which surrounded her first three years, there is, as we have seen, no such possibility in regard to that sweetly situated fantastic residence in which, in the year

1814, the tiny frail maiden of eight years who is the subject of these notes came to the serious conviction that she was a poet. Her father and mother, far from discountenancing such a belief in their eldest born, rather fostered it in the little Elizabeth, Beth, or Ba, as she is variously styled in the archives of her now illustrious life. From early infancy she had been accustomed to shape her budding thoughts in verse and in due course to set them down on paper; in her sixth year, on beholding some carefully indited lines of hers on *Virtue* (printed at page 34, *post*), her father addressed to her a letter containing a ten-shilling note, and placed on it the playful superscription, "To the Poet Laureate of Hope End;" and when, at the age of eight, in the year 1814, little Ba commandeered a quarto volume of blank paper, to be the receptacle of transcripts of her various compositions, there was no case for surprise or discouragement of any sort.

Whether the transcripts were to be made from time to time by the little authoress herself or by her fond but by no means injudicious mother, busied as we have seen with the duties of maternity, is a question not yet positively settled; nor is it a very important one. It is certain that at a very early age the child wrote a surprisingly mature ladylike

hand, which altered from time to time; and if she was the transcriber of 1814, of whose verse and prose the copy-book was destined to contain so considerable a mass, her hand must have degenerated in tidiness as it developed in character. That is by no means unlikely; for, as Browning stated in 1887, she was practically self-educated, although both a governess and a tutor took part in her tuition at Hope End.

What is certain is that this quarto commencement of recorded authorship began with a carefully penned heading in ornamental capitals which look more like the best work of an infant prodigy than the not very strong delineation of a matron. The heading is formed of minutely shaded capitals and reads thus—

POEMS

by

Elizabeth B. Barrett

The body of the writing shows a somewhat similar conception of the calligraphic art to that shown by writing of about the same date unquestionably hers, and, while it looks at least as mature in some respects, perhaps more mature, has, *per contra*, one or two rather childish characteristics in it; hence it remains to settle by extraneous minute investiga-

tion whose hand it positively is. But one thing is beyond all possible question, that the compositions are those of Elizabeth herself, whether she or her mother wrote these copies out fairly from the child's own manuscripts—as for instance those bestowed on the various members of the family at Hope End for whom they were composed. That quarto collection of transcripts was in fact a sort of limited act of publication; and it is at the first centenary of that act that we have now arrived, —sixty-eight years after the marriage of the still frail little lady, but by then recognized great poet, to Robert Browning, and fifty-three years after her death and burial at Florence.

While this collection, including the contents of the commandeered copy-book, has been passing through the press I have recovered a serious set of six couplets illustrating in a striking manner how deadly in earnest the little poet of eight years was. The “baby” of the spring of 1814 was Arabella, born the year before, who seems to have been struck with a sudden and very nearly mortal sickness. There had been fine weather in April (p. 37, *post*), a fall of snow on May 6 (*ib.*), net-fishing in the Pond on May 10 (p. 41), “a horrid cold” afflicting Henrietta (p. 42), and an address to Mr. Moulton-Barrett on his birthday (May 28) dwelling on “the

recovery of little Arabella from a dangerous illness." The child had been "sick unto death;"

But God to her his Angel sent,
To make her well, on mercy bent!

Such was the seriousness of this nonconformist household, that its poet laureate's thoughts ran steadily on Truth and Virtue and Righteousness (including a full recognition of the freedom of the human spirit). The poem now recovered is an address to the suffering baby when at the very worst of her attack, and seems to regard with complacency the release of the poor little sufferer, whom Elizabeth had clearly been helping to tend, and to whom that snow-storm had, it would seem, well-nigh proved fatal. Here are the couplets—

TO BABY

Dear suffering angel Arabella go
And trace the surest safest path below—
Go wind thy infant steps on Heaven's Mount
And quench thy thirst at Christ's eternal fount—
Christ thy salvation, God and him thy friend,
Truth thy beginning, happiness thy end,
Seek but to find, nor envy earthly state—
'Tis only Virtue and her friends are great!

And oh may Wisdom joys upon thee strew
And be her choicest blessings shed on you.
Here rests my theme—my Baby-patient, plod,
Nor fear for Happiness—there IS a GOD.—

Over and above its inherent sense of a world beyond this and of a divine ruler of the same—a mental quality which I should not like to describe by means of George Eliot's striking term “other-worldliness”—this little poem gives us an instance of what, in a much later autobiographic record, the poet characterized as an exaggeration of “her own agency in every good act meditated towards others.” In this case her share in the nursing must of course be magnified in the term “*my* Baby-patient.”

The words cited occur in the course of some autobiographic notes which may be associated with that much-quoted letter of the 5th of October 1843 in which she told R. H. Horne most of what little the world knows as yet about her early days. He had asked her for an “autobiographical sketch” which he could use in dealing with her poetry in his then forthcoming book, *A New Spirit of the Age*. She says roundly, “I have no Biographical Sketch,” though “once, for one year,” she had kept a diary, at the end of which time she was “in such a crisis of self-disgust, that there was nothing for it

but to leave off the diary." In view of this avowal and of the style, stationery, and calligraphy, I regard the notes in question as indirect results of Horne's request, which must naturally have set such an introspective mind as hers speculating on the best form for an autobiography to take. The notes now particularly in question are written in the third person and deal with herself as "Beth," in the first instance at the age of ten. They show an extraordinary retentiveness of early impressions and make substantial additions to our knowledge of her inborn character.

She records that, in her opinion, she had "a kind smile for a child of ten years," but that she thought too much of her own agency in every good act meditated towards others. Her eyes, she says, were bright with self-will; and the long lashes could scarcely soften them. What she would do hereafter was her reigning thought. She hated conventions of every sort,—because she felt them to be inimical to the development of her self-will. She "loved herself in the love of truth"—perhaps too, she admits, she "loved herself in her love of love." She had a bitter scorn of all things that were not spontaneous,—because her own impulses were sufficient for her own life. As an example of this phase of her character, she describes a meeting with her father on the stairs in the morning. She

"smiled at him, for she loved him. 'Not a word,' said he. 'No' she said— 'I have nothing to say.' 'Will you not ask me if I am well?' 'No— If you had been ill, you would have told me.' Her father was angry and led her by the hand into the breakfast room. 'Here is a little girl who thinks it too much trouble to ask her father how he is.' " She says she blushed and was sorry, though she knew in her heart that she did not "think it too much trouble, but too much falsehood."

Another instance of this *enfant terrible* kind relates to her dear Uncle Sam, whose foot she had the misfortune to fall across, or "in some headlong child's trick" inconvenienced him. He said to her, "Beth, why do you not beg my pardon?" "Because I did not mean to do it," she answered—"it was an accident—why should I beg your pardon?" This, it seems, did not please her uncle,—and Beth was "proud again,"—just a passing cloudlet over the affectionate friendship between the young girl and her uncle. Indeed she says it was only by slow degrees that she became reconciled to the conventions of life—the signs which have survived the substances. She was loth to admit that she lived in a land of shadows.

At ten years old she was by no means indifferent to her personal appearance. She desired to be beautiful. She stood sometimes on her tiptoes be-

fore a pier glass in her mother's room, and "multiplied by three every feature in her face." When she had done, she smiled and thought that perhaps, when her hair was grown down to her feet as she meant it to do, she might be almost as pretty as Peggy, the cottager's daughter in the lane. That might happen when she was fifteen—"and that was the age when all the princesses in the fairy tales were fallen in love with."

At ten, she intended to be very much in love by the time she was fifteen,—but she did not mean to go so far as to be married, even at sixteen. She meant, however, to be in love; and she settled that her lover's name should be Henry,—if it were not Lord Byron. The lover was to be a poet in any case—and she was inclined to believe that he would be Lord Byron. But little Beth was a poet herself,—and there was the reigning thought. No woman was ever before such a poet as she would be. As Homer was among men, so would she be among women,—many persons would be obliged to say that she was a little taller than Homer if anything. When she grew up she would wear men's clothes, and live in a Greek island, the sea melting into turquoises all around it. She would teach the islanders the ancient Greek, and they should all talk there of the old glories in the real Greek sunshine, with the right *aus* and *ous*—or she would

live in a cave on Parnassus Mount, and feed upon cresses and Helicon water, and, in her own words, she might have “said Grace after the sweet diet of that dream.”

It is impossible to regard these notes as mere idealizations for the purposes of a fiction or semi-fiction. They are clear cases of introspection recollected with a marvellous vividness, and adding much lustre to the records of the “Glimpses.” Another of them is the clear forerunner of that boldness in the cause of freedom which was so notable in her mature career. She records that this visionary child “was also a warrior.” When she was fifteen she would arm herself in complete steel (she “always thought of a suit of armour and never of a red coat”) and ride on a steed along the banks of the Danube, everywhere by her chanted songs (for she was to sing her own poetry all the way she went) attracting to her side many warriors—so that by the time she reached Istambol, she would be the chief of a battalion, and she would destroy the Turkish empire, and deliver ‘Greece the glorious’—“and the flashing of swords was bright in the eyes of Beth.” And when Greece was finally delivered, she was directly to begin to talk old Greek again, with the right *αι*s and *οι*s.

Then she recalls in her mature womanhood of about thirty-seven years, be it observed, how that

little maiden among her “beautiful, beautiful hills, the hills of Piers Plowman,” regarded it as her one great misfortune that she was born a woman. She says that in those days of childhood she despised nearly all the women in the world except Madame de Staël—she could not abide their littlenesses called delicacies, their pretty headaches, and soft mincing voices, their nerves and affectations. Seeing that no man was vain of being weaker than another man, but rather ashamed, she thought that was a woman’s weakness, which she should not be vain of, therefore, but ashamed. One word she hated in her soul,—and the word was “feminine.” She thanked her gods that she was not and never would be feminine,—in justification of which quixotic attitude she records that, for all her fragility, she could run rapidly and leap high,—and though her hands were “miserably little to be sure,” she had very strong wrists. When the colour came into her cheeks she could “hold up against anyone of her size, with her little wrists.” She says she could climb too, pretty well, up trees—but, although she never told, she was apt to be frightened when she had to turn and come down. She could slide too,—with a little room for a run. And she liked fishing, though she did not often catch anything. And best of all, though she cared for bows and arrows, and squirts and pop-guns,—best of all

she liked riding—"galloping till the trees raced past her and the clouds were shot over her head like arrows from a giant's bow, horizontal galloping till she felt the still air gather against her face and chest like a wind—leaping over ditches—feeling the live creature under her with her own pulse swerve and bound like a ball in its course running races till the goal in sight vanished in the rapidity of reaching it." These, she says, were "great joys."

Such details of her own recording form an in-valuable complement of the autobiography of 1820; and it is strange indeed that they have been allowed to slumber so long in the plethoric collection distributed in the summer of 1913. In the letter of the 5th of October 1843 there is a passing allusion to the pony on which she rode: speaking of her early studies, she says—"The Greeks were my demi-gods, and haunted me out of Pope's Homer until I dreamt oftener of Agamemnon than of Moses the black poney." Often and often have I longed to know more of Moses,—where he was bred, whether he had a fine flowing mane, whether tame or wildish, and so on. Well, everything comes to him who waits; and now these questions are answered, and that in a charming little sketch of a note from the tiny rider's own hand. Her pony, Moses, had, it seems, a tail "longer by nine times than the patriarch's beard,"—and when she

ties the end of it with a ribbon, the bow, a short one, touched the ground. There was no flowing mane, however, which, like Macaulay's "young Herminia," the little poet laureate might wash and comb and "twine in even tresses," as well as deck "with coloured ribands from her own gay attire;" for Moses was just a black Shetland pony "with a hogged mane." To dress it out in ribands of many colours, like Joseph's coat, was a great joy to Beth. Sometimes Moses was upon the hills, and rejoicing in his liberty, refused to be caught. In vain did Beth entreat with silver speech all the little boys in the world away from the keeping of sheep to the catching of Moses,—the patriarch would not be caught. Beth filled her bonnet with corn and extended it wistfully—"Moses, good Moses,—come and let me ride you"—Moses would as soon be entreated of Pharaoh's daughter! Sometimes, indeed, he would come—and sometimes he was driven into the angle of a hedge, and seized by the forelock,—as if he were Time himself. But sometimes poor Beth, having cheered on the little boys in vain, and run in her own person until her heart beat and she heard it with her ears, and her cheeks burnt to scarlet, had to go home with the tears running down them, disappointed of the hope of her ride, and thinking bitter things of Moses. At other times, great was the joy thereof. Moses was "a

mountain poney—very little and fleet and black as a coal;” when Beth rode on the Malvern hills, she would leave the rein loose, and Moses would climb the long steeps, sure-footedly as a goat. He never forgot the traditions of his Shetland.

There is a record of another pet, certainly belonging to this series of notes; but here it is open to question whether two of these early years (a little apart) were not mingled in her mind in 1843. Beth, it seems, was fond too of a dog called Havanah—a poodle which used to be half shaved in poodle fashion. “Vannah” as she called him is said to have understood for the most part only French—and Beth’s first French was murmured in his ear. The “venez ici”—and “couchez,” came next to that “baisez moi” which she climbed upon her father’s bed to wake him withal. It was a large white bed, and a Mont Blanc to Beth for climbing upon. And then, between little gasps of breath, and low childish laughters, that “baisez moi” was lisped against the pillow. She liked this sort of French much better than the French put into verbs, which appeared to her a most atrocious invention—and “probably Boney’s own.”

The exquisite little picture of a tiny maiden waking her father in his great bed seems to me to represent a child of five or six rather than ten.

At eleven, according to the “Glimpses,” she

“wished to be considered an authoress;” and so earnestly did she go to work on the necessary reading and self-training, so closely did she profit by Mr. McSwiney’s classical help, that before she was fourteen she was dedicating to her father an epic poem in four books with an elaborate Preface printed by his orders because, as she told Horne, Mr. Barrett was bent on spoiling her!

At twelve, says the young lady of the “Glimpses,” she “enjoyed a literary life with all its pleasures;” and among those were the joys of studying the Language, History, and Poetry of Greece, with a special view to authorship, of writing and revising the four books of *The Battle of Marathon* and the Preface thereto, and, perhaps, of seeing some of the work through the press. But there is nothing like getting contemporary confirmation from the outside; and here are some passages from a letter which she wrote to her beloved Uncle Sam (not a cloud in the sky, now), at the very period,—in November 1818:

“ . . . I have read ‘Douglas on the Modern Greeks.’ I think it a most amusing book. . . . I have not yet finished ‘Bigland on the Character and Circumstances of Nations.’ An admirable work indeed. . . . I do not admire ‘Mme. de Sevigne’s letters,’ though the French is excellent

—the idioms beautiful—yet the sentiment is not novel, and the rhapsody of the style is so affected, so disgusting, so entirely FRENCH, that every time I open the book it is rather as a task than a pleasure—the last Canto of ‘Childe Harold’ (certainly much superior to the others) has delighted me more than I can express. The description of the waterfall is the most exquisite piece of poetry that I ever read, ‘The Hill of waters where they howl and hiss and boil in endless torture’—’tis really fine, really POETRY. All the energy, all the sublimity of modern verse is centered in these lines—they are models which would not dishonour any man to imitate.”

There is a point in the “Glimpses” at which two events, one public and the other private, occurred to interrupt the flow of the composition and even to disturb the structural balance of it. The first was the arrival of Caroline of Brunswick to claim the rights and title of Queen Consort on the accession of George IV.; the other was the departure of Edward Barrett from Hope End to enter the Charterhouse School. Elizabeth Barrett had completed her fourteenth year on the 6th of March 1820; and it must have been before the arrival of the Queen from the Continent that the “Glimpses” had been carried as far as the little paragraph about Theol-

ogy (page 19, *post*). She had continued with the same pen and ink, if we may judge from appearances, for about sixteen lines more, writing in the first place, the opening of a paragraph on “Politicks” thus:—

“Politicks and the affairs of the nation I regard with . . . but I am capable,” etc., as in what is printed at page 19, *post*. Five lines, from “Politicks” to “but” are crossed through, the greater part so thoroughly as to be indecipherable; but the drift may be judged to have been that she cared little about the vulgar party politics of the day or the details of the State’s material business, but was none the less a sincere patriot; and then she delivered herself on the subject of the popular idol of the moment, Queen Caroline, and the treatment of that unhappy Princess by the English nobility, ending with the prayerful passage about England and her “glorious Queen,” written with very pale ink, and with the incorrect phrase “their glorious Queen.” Now the arrival and enthusiastic welcome of the Queen, her continued popularity all through the impeachment of adultery, and the proceedings in Parliament, which lasted five months, the abandonment of the bill, the Queen’s public thanksgiving in St. Paul’s Cathedral for her deliverance from “a conspiracy against her honour and life,”—all

these events may well have diverted the young chronicler's attention from her own affairs for a while, especially as she went so far as to compose the dramatic piece on the subject printed at the end of this volume. Then, on the top of all this, came the separation from her adored brother Edward; and if she moped a little, it was but natural for her to do so.

That separation gave her an opportunity to establish early her reputation as a letter-writer; and her letters early and late are among the best, most entertaining, and most instructive ever written.

It must have been some short time after Edward's departure that she took the little book of "Glimpses" up to finish it; for she had not the exact date in her mind, and merely records that it was about the time of the Queen's struggle that he went away to school. It seems to have been with the same pen and ink that she blacked out the "Politicks" lines, altered "their Queen" to "her Queen" as in duty bound, and began the "Bro" entry; but on the last page but one of the chronicle she has still only reached her fifteenth year. How far into that year she had got is not of material consequence. But after the separation her father went away to London; and it was then that she wrote him the following masterly epistle:—

MY EVER EVER DEAREST PUPPY,

Sam's letter to Mama received yesterday was certainly the bearer of a severe disappointment to me as it contained the tidings of your being yet uncertain whether to allow me the long anticipated happiness of beholding my beloved Bro, Granny, Trip, yourself and sweet Storm or to withhold the delightful boon!— When I showed you Sam's letters in which he declared an intention of bringing down his own carriage in order to return with me, you did not object, and I fondly believed that a kind consent was implied by your silence! I am undeceived, and am I actuated by presumption when I thus come forward to throw myself on your mercy? I believe I am not, for whilst I supplicate a smile I will submit to a disappointing frown without a murmur, tho' not perhaps without a pang!— So thoroughly am I convinced of my ever dearest Papa's affection for me, and so perfectly am I aware of the superiority of his judgment that I would not complain tho' the awful fiat were to pass his lips, and yet while my fate is not decided I may hope, and I may sollicit [*sic*] a merciful sentence!—

You may perhaps exclaim with Apollo, “Magna petis Ba”—but you cannot add “Non est mortalis quod optas”— Consider my sweet Puppy that by

one smile accompanied by that politest of all little words "Yes," you may make me more happy, more gratified than all the pomp of Ciceronian eloquence can express!— Oh! do not, pray do not, refuse! at least do not be angry with me for pressing on you a boon which has been so long, so joyfully anticipated!—

Your grand objection is on account of my singing!—! I promise you most faithfully and on my honor, that if you allow those features to relax into a becoming smile I will practise carefully every day in London my "do re fa," which if I do, Mrs. Orme thinks will even improve my voice! I also promise most faithfully that on my return home I will turn all my energies towards understanding, and excelling in, both vocal and practical music!

When I promise my sweet Puppy I do not consider myself slightly bound but under a sacred obligation to fulfil it!—

Thus have I offered every thing in my power in order to obtain that fascinating solitary word "yes!" I have bid as high as my purse will admit! Oh let the kind, the affectionate Auctioneer exclaim "Going . . . going . . . gone!"

My heart whispers that you will not refuse, that you will not turn from me in anger!— My dearest, dearest Puppy grant my request! One week in London!— Let me not be ac[c]used of presump-

tion in thus entreating so urgently for a petition to which perhaps you annex no importance!— But to me my beloved Puppy it seems worthy to make “worlds contend”— Imagine yourself my age once more, how your heart would beat with joy at the prospect of an excursion to the metropolis!— Have I tormented you? If I have, oh! forgive me, and let the kind verdict be “Guilty but to be recom-[m]ended to mercy”—

Your always affectionate
and fondly attached Child
BA—

How delightfully the learned little lady applies her Ovidian knowledge in the adaptation of Apollo’s reply to Phaëton’s application for a day’s outing in charge of the chariot and horses of the sun (*Metamorphoses*, Book II, 54–6)—

Magna petis, Phaethon, et quae nec viribus istis
Munera convenient, nec tam puerilibus annis.
Sors tua mortalis; non est mortale quod optas:
thus rendered by Sandys—

What’s so desired by thee
Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, dost no mortall thing desire.

Of about the same period of composition as the notes on her *physique* and mentality at ten is a more fanciful fragment, though no doubt equally authentic as to psychological basis, portraying herself, probably in her teens, under the names of "Elsbeth" and "Elsba," and seemingly intended to develop the theme in a sort of platonic dialogue. There is a subtlety about the opening rather unusual in her work,—even in her maturity. She records that Elsbeth was a castle builder by profession— "That is, she not merely dreamt dreams as all the world do when they go to sleep, but she had a conscience of art in the dreams she dreamt and she did not fall asleep to dream them, she disposed herself to sleep and dream them."— "That the eyes can make pictures when they 're shut," everybody who possesses eyes is perfectly aware.

"What is Elsba thinking of?" said Herman to Theodor—"she looks at that daisy as studiously as if she studied Hebrew points in it."

"Or something harder," said Elsba with a smile. "Guess"—she added softly after a moment's pause—"what my Hebrew is: and you first, Herman, because you are so curious."

"Of Burns or Wordsworth, certes," said Herman—"of Drayton or Browne, of all writers of the memorabilia pertaining to Daisyhood."

"Of yourself," said Theodor, "in your childhood."

"How did you know it?" she resumed quietly.—

"Because you had that look in your face," he answered, "as if you were looking at a child—yet there was some self-consciousness in the look."

"O subtle analyser," she said smilingly, and holding the flower by the stalk between her finger and thumb, swung it slowly round and round.

This is not the occasion for weighing the value of Mrs. Browning's evidence on whatever topic she touches; but the new material now brought forward will make it clear that her memory was much more accurate than has been supposed, and that she does not make a lax use of definite terms, as has been sometimes surmised. Browning's few words in the 1887 notes concerning his wife's father were doubtless based on information got from her. Alluding to a description of him as a gentleman of "semi-tropical taste," the poet mentions the now familiar fact that his father-in-law came from Jamaica, and that "after purchasing the estate in Herefordshire, he gave himself up assiduously to the usual duties and occupations of a country gentleman,—farmed largely, was an active magistrate, became for a year High Sheriff, . . . and busied himself as a Liberal. He had a fine taste for land-

scape gardening, planted considerably, loved trees . . . and for their sake discontinued keeping deer in the park." That this Virgilian preference of the trees to the deer probably asserted itself actively after 1815 may be judged from the presence of the fawns in the pretty little scene of the "Aurora" lines and again in the second "Summer;" for it was the spacious domain of Hope End that was the background of all its little Laureate's nature poetry. The landscape gardening, farming, and so on, are duly recorded by dated poems in the "copy-book" series.

Readers of the four thick volumes of letters which have been put forth under the editorship of Sir F. Kenyon cannot fail to have gathered that Mrs. Browning's father's views on the duties and privileges of a patriarch were at least eccentric, if not markedly tyrannical; and my friends of The Bibliophile Society will find a good deal in the second volume of this present work to show that even at Hope End there had been a bent in that direction by no means conducive to the happiness of Mrs. Moulton-Barrett. Different members of the Moulton-Barrett family have held different opinions on this gentleman's character. For my own part, having in view both published and unpublished evidence in considerable masses, I cannot but avow that his theory and practice seem to me

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to have been distinctly tyrannical and unendearing in an increasing degree as he got older. He seems to have regarded the marriage of any one of his children as a heinous offence. Henrietta married, and became *ipso facto* an exile from Wimpole Street. Elizabeth married at a mature enough age, one would think, and he refused ever to see her again—a determination in which he persisted to the end of his life. His son Alfred married at the age of thirty-five, and became the object of stern reprisals. The Brownings were in England at the time; and Mrs. Browning thus announced the event to Mrs. Martin:—

“Do you know our news? Alfred is just married at the Paris Embassy to Lizzie Barrett. Of course, he makes the third exile from Wimpole Street, the course of true love running remarkably rough in our house. For the rest, there have been no scenes, I thank God, for dearest Arabel’s sake. He had written to my father nine or ten days before the ceremony, received no answer, and followed up the silence rather briskly by another letter to announce the marriage.”

His sister’s forecast of the sequel was more than justified. Mr. Barrett had made a will in 1851, when he had nine children alive (Edward, Mary and Samuel being dead); the document ignores

Elizabeth and Henrietta, and leaves property to Arabella and the six sons. On the 17th of August 1855 he made a codicil to the will excluding Alfred from all participation in its benefits. As Mrs. Alfred Moulton-Barrett becomes somewhat important in a long perspective of the family, a few details about her must be given.

Lord Abinger tells me that this pet cousin of the poetess, the “dear little Lizzie” of 1846, was Georgina Elizabeth, the only daughter and youngest child of Captain George Goodin Barrett of Retreat Estate, Parish of St. Anne’s, Jamaica, and that this marriage “finally united the two branches of the family, greatly to the delight of Mrs. Browning.” It is of her at the age of ten that the beautiful little poem called *A Portrait* is the delineation. This was published in the 1844 collection; and two years later, when Robert Browning was “courting” Elizabeth Barrett, little Lizzie appears to have been staying at No. 50 Wimpole Street. It was with reference to an interruption of one of those momentous interviews between the two poets that the lady wrote to her lover on the 2nd of March 1846 (*Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*, Vol. I, p. 522)—

“It was n’t the fault of the dear little cousin, Lizzie . . . my ‘portrait’ . . . who was ‘so sorry,’ she

said, dear child, to have missed Papa somewhere on the stairs!"

Again in the letter of June 17, 1846, we read—

"So as at half-past seven Henrietta was going out to dinner, Lizzie and I and Flush took our places by her in the carriage, and went to Hyde Park. . . . And Lizzie confided to me, that, when she is 'grown up,' she never will go out to dinners like Henrietta, but drive in the park like Ba, instead . . . unless she can improve upon both, and live in a cottage covered with roses, in the country."

Let us hope that when she got to Jamaica with her husband-cousin she improved upon even that ideal; at all events the union was duly blessed with issue; for Lord Abinger says that "today in Jamaica in the person of Colonel Edward Alfred Moulton-Barrett, C. M. G., of Albion, St. Anne's, late 1st West India Regiment, is a direct representative of both branches" of the sometime divided family of the Barretts.

The Bibliophile Society with its sumptuous issues of fine contributions to English literature is a characteristic growth of that vast prosperity and strong intellectual and political progress which the democratic child of Hope End and the great woman who wrote *Aurora Leigh* and *Casa Guidi Windows* was as forward to recognize and appreciate as the great nation akin to her own was to

receive into its bosom the children of her spirit; and it is a fitting revenge of time that the Society located across the Atlantic is to give these early works of such absorbing interest to the light of day.

It is not to be credited that either she or her husband had any dread of the daylight for any records they might leave behind them. They had ample opportunity for putting out of existence any of the vast accumulations of drafts and records and unpublished works and letters to them and from them; and there is evidence of Browning having gone out of his way to gather in much of this material after his wife's death, and gone over it in some measure before he too passed to his place,—in Westminster Abbey, leaving his son as custodian of the archives. That son dying in his turn and somewhat before his time, his executors have seen fit to scatter over the face of the earth this enormous aggregation of documents; and The Bibliophile Society has not been backward in securing what it could for issue among its members,—through the enterprising instrumentality of Mr. Harper.

It is an old tradition of the United States of America to be more “up to date” than England in respect of the poetry and personality of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Indeed long before she had consented to take that last august name, and was about to allow her own maiden name to appear for

the first time on the title-page of an important collection of poems, it was at New York that that collection secured priority of appearance. It would be useless to attempt to persuade The Bibliophile Society that the two volumes called *A Drama of Exile and other Poems* (New York, 1845) did not appear before the two volumes called simply *Poems* (London, 1844); for the American book, identical in substance with the English book, only differs from it in typography, in a matter of trade custom, and in the Preface. The body of the London Preface is practically identical with that of New York, varying only in a few phrases. But there is a preliminary paragraph in the New York Preface almost unknown even to bibliographers on either side of the Atlantic, which leaves no doubt whatever on the question of priority. The paragraph should be grateful to the hearts of Americans at this day when the world acclaims Mrs. Browning as the greatest of women-poets,—some say except Sappho; but who can really, with the scanty knowledge we have of her, truly fix Sappho's place? At any rate let this glorious English-woman's utterance stand on record in one of The Bibliophile Society's issues in this Centennial Year of Grace:—

“My love and admiration have belonged to the great American people, as long as I have felt proud

of being an Englishwoman, and almost as long as I have loved poetry itself. But it is only of late that I have been admitted to the privilege of personal gratitude to Americans, and only today that I am encouraged to offer to their hands an American edition of a new collection of my poems, about to be published in my own country. This edition precedes the English one by a step,—a step eagerly taken, and with a spring in it of pleasure and pride suspended, however, for a moment, that, by a cordial figure I may kiss the soil of America, and address my thanks to those sons of the soil, who, if strangers and foreigners, are yet kinsmen and friends, and who, if never seen, nor perhaps to be seen by eyes of mine, have already caused them to glisten by words of kindness and courtesy."

Again, when Elizabeth Barrett Barrett had been led to the altar by Robert Browning, and husband and wife each published in 1850 a collection of *Poems* in two volumes, the States really took more seriously than the mother-country did the poetess's own denunciation of her early version of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus, and her propitiatory offering of an entirely new and splendid translation. The States naturally absorbed more eagerly than England did the fervid and noble democracy and humanitarianism of *Casa Guidi Windows*, and the advanced politics of *Poems before Congress*,

published as separate volumes in 1851 and 1860. Accordingly we find New York producing in the earlier of these two years a separate volume entitled *Prometheus Bound and other Poems; including Sonnets from the Portuguese, Casa Guidi Windows, &c.*, and naming the 1860 booklet after its first poem,—*Napoleon III. in Italy*. As to *Aurora Leigh* and the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, it is next to impossible to gauge the vivid, the deep, the instantaneous impression created in the various regions of the English-speaking world by the radiant universality of that spacious narrative poem and the exquisite and unique tenderness and perfection of those Sonnets, which were, *sub rosâ*, her own love-sonnets to Browning. But when the beautiful spirit which created by years of residence a sacred atmosphere in and about Casa Guidi had taken up her freedom from suffering, and lay at rest in the English Burial Ground at Florence, the States surpassed in mournful regrets even the respectful sorrow of Mrs. Browning's own country. Here again, bibliography is a truly typical hand-maid to literary appreciation; for it is to be observed that, while the *Last Poems* of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, gathered up and edited by her husband, were published in England in 1862 with a few lines written by him, the American edition issued simultaneously with the English, contained

a different few lines in which Browning set forth that the right of publishing the book in the United States had been “liberally purchased by Mr. James Miller,” and that it was hoped there would be “no interference with the same.” Miller’s book was one of the “blue and gold” pocket volumes so popular in the third quarter of last century. Like the English book, it was called simply *Last Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Browning*; but it was graced with a “Memorial” by Theodore Tilton, not only sympathetic and charming as an essay, but, being quasi-biographical, earlier by a quarter of a century or more than any attempt in England to publish a Life of Mrs. Browning. On the other hand it is to be recorded with regret that Miller omitted Browning’s beautiful and simple words of dedication to the fair city that had given hospitable and loving shelter to him and his wife for many years and appreciated their work for Italy:—

To “Grateful Florence,”
To the Municipality, Her Representative
And to Tommaseo, its Spokesman
Most Gratefully

Browning’s long survival of his wife could not but restrain English endeavour to celebrate her in biographical memoirs. To the end of his life he

remained passionately in love with her, and too reverently so to let the world be at once flooded with authoritative documents; but that the masses of such documents controlled by him were scrupulously guarded from perishing is certain; and he doubtless contemplated with equanimity the eventual upheaval that would make public just as much about his wife's wonderful and flawless life, his own relations with her, and all else concerning the Brownings, as the world might find a use for. While these sacred archives were in the hands of the only son of the two poets, he by no means denied access to them; and it was perhaps by reason of uncontrollable circumstances that his executors were left to deal with the formidable collection distributed in the summer of 1913.

In Browning's for the most part consistently dramatic poetry the mass that is directly addressed to his wife is small. Although personal reminiscences might, with misapplied ingenuity, be discovered here and there embedded in one or other of his monologues representing "so many imaginary persons," the dedications of *Men and Women* (1855) and *The Ring and The Book* (1868) are the main substance of the poetry which he has chosen to lay before the public as the expression of his profound love and worship of his poet-wife. The first of these dedications, *One Word More*, is

a unique and inexpressibly beautiful gift to literature, to which no sort of tribute can without rashness be rendered either by criticism or by partial quotation. But when we open the general poetic introduction to *The Ring and The Book*, come at last through the poet's find of the "old square yellow book" and what he has made of it, get his explanation of the title and his cheerful recognition of the inappreciative attitude of the British public of that day towards his poetry, "those who know," at all events, are simply drenched in the profound flood of solemn tenderness. His loyal and lovely worship of his wife, the piercing truth of his valuation of her humanitarian valour and essentially right art (whatever flaws the mere critical instinct may find in that art's details), can only be conveyed in his own words:

O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue,
And sang a kindred soul out to his face,—
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers, blanched their
blue,

And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man, to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice: can thy soul know change?
Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile:
—Never conclude, but raising hand and head
Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes
proud,
Some wanless where, I think, thy foot may fall!

Over and above the help recorded *ante* and *post*
as rendered to me by Lord Abinger, the Rev.
Canon W. R. Burnet, Mr. Robinson of Newcastle,
and the Editor of *The Newcastle Chronicle*, it is
my pleasant duty to acknowledge the courteous and
ready assistance I have received from Mr. Wood

of Coxhoe Hall, Mr. Charles Rollo Barrett of Whitehill Hall (Co. Durham), the Rev. F. W. Carnegy, Rector of Ledbury, and the Rev. Dr. Harris, Rector of Colwall, without whose patient help I could not have obtained all the side-lights I desired to throw on my subject. Dr. Harris's search of the records in his keeping was made difficult for him by his predecessors in the guardianship of the registers, some of whom appear to have been somewhat lax in their methods. My list of debts would be defective if I did not mention the constant and indefatigable aid of my brother, Alfred Forman, who, being one of the keenest Browning students I know, has pursued for me with zest many difficult and tangled threads such as all investigators have to deal with.

H. B. F.

28 October, 1914.

GLIMPSES INTO MY OWN LIFE AND
LITERARY CHARACTER

WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH BARRETT
IN THE YEAR 1820
WHEN FOURTEEN YEARS OLD

Her own life in character

to her 15th year.

A dense, abstract drawing in black ink on white paper, featuring a chaotic pattern of intersecting lines, loops, and scribbles. The drawing is heavily layered, with many lines overlapping and some being more prominent than others. The overall effect is one of a complex, non-representational mark-making process.

GLIMPSES INTO MY OWN LIFE AND LITERARY CHARACTER

WRITTEN BY ELIZABETH BARRETT
IN THE YEAR 1820
WHEN FOURTEEN YEARS OLD¹

To be one's own chronicler is a task generally dictated by extreme vanity and often by that instinctive feeling which prompts the soul of man to snatch the records of his life from the dun and misty ocean of oblivion—

Man is naturally enamoured of immortality, and tho' the brazen trump of fame echoes his deeds when he sleeps, tho' the cold sod is closed o'er his corrupted form, yet he shrinks from that deathlike,

¹ The holograph manuscript from which this autobiography is printed shows signs of being the first composition, chiefly the numerous verbal and other revisions made in the process of writing down the thoughts which Elizabeth Barrett had decided to commit to paper. The manuscript is on a thick little fasciculus of paper, to all appearance cut, folded, and sewn together by herself *en amateur*. The size of the booklet thus put together is $5 \times 3\frac{1}{8}$ inches—a size easy to carry about in the pocket while the composition was in active progress; and the number of pages is eighty. The original heading on the first page was "My own life";

that awful stillness, the dreadful attribute of the grave. Nothing can more plainly denote the soul's eternity than the instinctive thirst for immortality which universally throbs in the heart of man. Would that benevolent Being whose kind spirit finds² pleasure in the happiness of his Creatures have implanted in their bosoms such a feeling in vain? Is it consonant with divine mercy to tantalise us afar with the bright and heavenly fields of immortality and then closing at once the glorious³ prospect, forbid that endearing hope to console and allow the cold turf to moulder with our dust and the soul which once animated it fondly considered by us immortal, instead of those glorious and celestial plains to find its last sad asylum in the grave?— The sage midst sandy deserts or buried in the awful stillness of wooded vales boasts that he can forget the world and despise its greatness, but oh can he

but this was altered, probably when the whole was finished, to "Glimpses into my own life and literary character." Later, but when she was still in her fifteenth year, she began to make a copy of it on quarto paper under the new title, "Sketch of my own Life and Character," of which a single sheet is extant. The present print is from the original booklet, throughout, in its final state; and the rejected readings, on account of their great significance, are given at the foot of each page, under numerals answering to the catch-figures in the text, other foot-notes in the "Glimpses" being indicated by asterisks.

(2) *provides and gives before finds pleasure*
(3) *divine for glorious*

as sincerely desire to be forgotten by it, can he look unmoved on the damp and mournful tomb⁴ which his own hands have framed and where soon his wearied limbs shall lay and tho' sensible that the world cannot "soothe the cold dull⁵ ear of death"/* yet is not that silence awful even to him, is it not dreadful to descend into that damp grave unseen,⁶ unmourned, unwept for and forgotten?

But no feeling of this kind has influenced⁷ me or prompted me to write my own life. I am⁸ of too little consequence, perhaps, even to gain a transient thought when the earth has closed over me, save from those dear friends who have loved me in life. —My days may pass away as the moonbeam from the ocean or as the little particle of sand which now glimmers in the evening ray and now is borne away in the evening breeze! Perhaps these pages may never meet a human eye—and therefore no *excessive*⁹ vanity can dictate them, tho'¹⁰ a feeling akin to it, SELF LOVE, may have prompted my not unwilling pen. In writing my own life, to be impartial is

* Slightly misquoted from Gray's Elegy.

- (4) *grave for tomb*
- (5) *damp cold for cold dull*
- (6) *unknown after unseen*
- (7) *the feeling which after influenced*
- (8) *too young and after am*
- (9) *feeling of after excessive*
- (10) *perhaps after tho'*

a difficult task and being so can only excuse such an attempt from one so young and inexperienced:

*

I was always of a determined and if thwarted violent disposition. My actions and temper were infinitely more inflexible at three years old than now at fourteen. At that early age I can perfectly remember reigning in the Nursery and being renowned amongst the servants for self love and excessive passion.—When reproved I always considered myself as an injured martyr and bitter have been the tears I have shed over my supposed wrongs. At four and a half my great delight was poring over fairy phenomenons and the actions of necromancers—and The Seven Champions of Christendom in “Popular tales” has beguiled many a weary hour. At five I supposed myself a heroine and in my day dreams of bliss I constantly imaged to myself a forlorn damsel in distress rescued by some noble knight and often have I laid awake hours¹¹ in darkness, “THINKING,” as I expressed myself, but which was no more than musing on these fairy castles in the air!

* Nothing is omitted. The three lines of dots are the little chronicler's own.

(ii) *at night after hours*

[6]

I perfectly remember the delight I felt when I attained my sixth birthday; I enjoyed my triumph to a great degree over the inhabitants of the nursery, there being no UPSTART to dispute my authority, as Henrietta was quite an infant and my dearest Bro, tho' my constant companion and a beloved participator in all my pleasures, never allowed the rage for power to injure the endearing sweetness of his temper.

I might, tho' perhaps with injustice to myself, impute my never changing affection to this ever dear Brother to his mild and gentle conduct at this period. But he and I have attained an age not merely childish, an age to which infantine pursuits are no longer agreeable—we have attained an age when reason is no longer the subject of childish frivolity!—¹² Still I believe that our affection for each other has become infinitely more enthusiastic and more rivetted. At four I first mounted Pegasus but at six I thought myself privileged to show off feats of horsemanship. In my sixth year for some lines on virtue which I had penned with great care I received from Papa a ten shilling note enclosed in a letter which was address to *the Poet Laureat [sic]*

¹² At this point several lines are crossed through; they read thus: "He, tho' not less mild, has reached an age when it is becoming to be manly, firm and determined; and I trust that my violent temper has considerably abated."

of *Hope End*; I mention this because I received much more pleasure from the word *Poet* than from the ten shilling note. I did not understand the meaning of the word *Laureat* [*sic*], but it being explained to me by my dearest Mama, the idea first presented itself to me of celebrating our birthdays by my verse: "*Poet Laureat* [*sic*] of *Hope End*" was too great a title to lose.—Nothing could contribute so much to my amusement as a novel. A novel at six years old may appear ridiculous, but it was a real desire that I felt, not to instruct myself, I felt no such wish, but to divert myself and to afford more scope to my nightly meditations . .¹³ and it is worthy of remark that in a novel I carefully past over all passages which described CHILDREN.

The Fop's love and pursuit of the heroine's mother in "*Temper*">* delighted me, but the description of the infancy of Emma was past over. At Seven I began to think of "forming my taste"—perhaps I did not express my thought in those re-

* In these days one does not hear much of Mrs. Amelia Opie and her goody-goody stories; and the baptismal name Emma might, with the context, lead us up to thoughts of two of Jane Austen's masterpieces. The Emma here alluded to, however, and likewise her mother and the pursuant scoundrel described as "the Fop," are to be found in a three-volume novel called "*Temper*," published in 1812, a year after "*Sense and Sensibility*" and four years before "*Emma*."

(13) *At seven after meditations*

fined words but I considered¹⁴ it time “*to see what was best to write about and read about*”! At seven too I read the History of England and Rome; at eight I perused the History of Greece and it was at this age that I first found real delight in poetry. “The Minstrel,” Pope’s “Illiad” [sic], some parts of the “Odyssey,” passages from “Paradise Lost” selected by my dearest Mama and some of Shakespeare’s plays among which were, “The Tempest,” “Othello” and a few historical dramatic pieces constituted my studies. I was enchanted with all these but I think the story interested me more than the poetry till “The Minstrel” met my sight. I was then too young to feel the loveliness of simple beauty,—I required something dazzling to strike my mind. The brilliant imagery, the fine metaphors and the flowing numbers of “The Minstrel” truly astonished¹⁵ me. Every stanza excited my ardent admiration, nor can I now remember the delight which I felt on perusing those pages without enthusiasm.

At nine I felt much pleasure from the effusions of my imagination in the adorned drapery of versification but nothing could compensate for the regret I felt on laying down a book to take up a pen. The subject of my studies was Pope’s “Illiad”

(14) *thought for considered*

(15) *delighted for astonished*

[*sic*] some passages from Shakespeare and Novels which I enjoyed to their full extent. At this age works of imagination only afforded me gratification and I trod the delightful fields of fancy without any of those conscientious scruples which now always attend me when wasting time in frivolous pleasures. At ten my poetry was entirely formed by the style of written authors and I read that I might write. Novels were still my most delightful study, combined with the sweet notes of poetic inspiration! At eleven I wished to be considered an authoress. Novels were thrown aside. Poetry and Essays were my studies and I felt the most ardent desire to understand the learned languages. To comprehend even the Greek alphabet was delight inexpressible. Under the tuition of Mr. McSwiney* I attained that which I so fervently desired. For months during this year I never remember having diverted my attention to any other object than the ambition of gaining fame. Literature was the¹⁶ star which in prospect illuminated

* Mr. McSwiney was the Scottish gentleman who came to Hope End to be the tutor of Edward Barrett ("Bro"). Browning, in a Prefatory Note prefixed to a collection of his wife's poems published in 1887, contradicts a nonsensical statement that Mr. Barrett obtained for his daughter "the tutorial assistance of the well-known Greek scholar Hugh Stuart Boyd." Her knowledge of Greek was, he says, "originally due to a preference for sharing with her

(16) *shin[ing]* before *star*

my future days—it was the spur which prompted me . . * the aim . . the very seal of my being. I was determined (and as I before stated my determinations were not “airlike dispersable”)—I was determined to gain the very pinnacle of excellence and even when this childish and foolishly ambitious idea had fled not by the weight or argument of a more experienced adviser but by my own reflections and conviction I yet looked with regret—painful regret to the heaven of that distinguished fame I had sighed for so long—and so ardently!

I never felt more real anguish than when I was undeceived on this point. I am not vain naturally and I have still less of the pedant in my composition than self conceit but I confess that during these eight months I never felt myself of more consequence and never had a better opinion of my own talents. In short I was in infinite danger of being as vain as I was inexperienced. During this dangerous period I was from home and the fever of a

brother Edward in the instruction of his Scottish tutor Mr. McSwiney rather than in that of her own governess Mrs. Orme; and at such lessons she constantly assisted until her brother's departure for the Charter House—where he had Thackeray for a school-fellow. In point of fact, she was self-taught in almost every respect.” Browning's word “instruction” is practically identical with little Miss Ba's “tuition” in giving “honour to whom honour is due.”

* The insertion of periods here and elsewhere does not indicate any omission; it is the little author's own method of punctuation.

heated imagination was perhaps increased by the intoxicating gaieties of a watering place, Ramsgate where we then were and where I commenced my poem, "The Battle of Marathon," now in print!! When we came home one day after having written a page of poetry which I considered models of beauty I ran down stairs to the library to seek Pope's Homer in order to compare them that I might enjoy my OWN SUPERIORITY. I can never think of this instance of the intoxication of vanity without smiling at my childish folly and ridiculous vanity. I brought Homer up in triumph and read first my own Poem and afterwards began to compare. I read fifty lines from the glorious Father of the lyre.—It was enough . . I felt the whole extent of my own immense and mortifying inferiority.

My first impulse was to throw with mingled feelings of contempt and anguish my composition on the floor—my next to burst into tears! and I wept for an hour and then returned to reason and humility. Since then I have not felt MANY twitches of vanity and my mind has never since been intoxicated by any ridiculous dreams of greatness!!—From this period for a twelvemonth I could find no pleasure in any book but Homer. I read and longed to read again and though I nearly had it by heart I still found new beauties and fresh enchantments.—

At twelve I enjoyed a literary life in all its pleasures. Metaphysics were my highest delight and after having read a page from Locke my mind not only felt edified but exalted. At this age I was in great danger of becoming the founder of a religion of my own. I revolted at the idea of an established religion. My faith was sincere but my religion was founded solely on the imagination. It was not the deep persuasion of the mild Christian but the wild visions of an enthusiast. I worshipped God, heart and soul, but I forgot that my prayers should be pure and simple as the Father I adored. They were composed extempore and full of figurative and florid apostrophes to the Deity . . I shall always look back to this time as the happiest of my life; my mind was above the frivolous sorrows of childhood when I trusted with enthusiastic faith to His mercy "who only chasteneth whom he loveth."

One day I omitted a prayer wholly through forgetfulness but having afterwards remembered the neglect I was so imprest with the idea of having offended the God of my salvation that I hardly hoped for pardon. My whole mind was tortured and my prayers that night bespoke the anguish of my heart. It was not the humility of a sinner suing for pardon at the throne of mercy but the violent entreaties extorted by despair from my heart. The next morning I renewed with tenfold ardour my

agonising prayers. My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me I repeated in a tone of anguish. The morning was dark and a dingy mist floated in the mid air when on a sudden a flood of light rushing from the benignant sun thro' that veil of loneliness beamed on my prostrate form and seemed to smile upon my prayer! My imagination took fire and I believed that my God had forgiven me. I felt as much awe, as much gratitude, as if the Deity himself had vouchsafed to comfort me and receive me again unto his bosom. So great was the strength of¹⁷ my imagination which is now often too powerful for my controul. This year I read Milton for the first time thro' together with Shakespeare and Pope's Homer. In perusing these models of glorious poetic excellence I have often felt my soul kindled with the might of such sublime genius and glow with the enthusiasm of admiration!! I now read to gain ideas, not to indulge my fancy and I studied the works of those critics whose attention was directed to my favorite authors. I had now attained my thirteenth birthday! I had taught myself "to throw away ambition" and to feel that pride and self conceit can only bring in self degradation on awaking from the splendid dream of vanity and folly! No incidents in my past life had contributed to stir up the embers of that pride and

(17) *Such force had for so great &c.*

that determination of character which had now so considerably abated. My days had glided like the light bark on the summer sea undisturbed by any gale of adversity or sorrow! And yet my mind since the first year of my birth has ever been in commotion, not proceeding from external causes but from those internal reflections and internal passions which are such powerful attributes of my character and which I trust it has been my study to subdue! My religious enthusiasm had subsided and I took upon myself to advocate the cause of the Church of England. This was a curious change but I was borne away from all reason by the power, the fatal power, of my imagination. I finished my poem which I shall always consider a[s] a memorable epoch in my life. I was repaid for all my labours—the book was printed!

At this period I perused all¹⁸ modern authors who have any claim to superior merit and poetic excellence. I was familiar with Shakespeare, Milton, Homer and Virgil, Locke, Hooker, Pope.¹⁹ I read Homer in the original with delight inexpressible, together with Virgil. I now tasted those glorious rewards which I had sought so earnestly and with all my faults, all my weaknesses, I now felt certain that if I could not subdue them I might in time at

(18) *the best between all and modern*

(19) *and the best authors in our language after Pope*

least keep them under some controul and tho' I could not reach the²⁰ splendid heaven of fame I might perhaps enjoy the benevolent beams of that literature which I had loved from my earliest infancy.²¹ The mists which cowered o'er that haven of joy were partly dispersed and perhaps the gale of perseverance and application²² may waft my little bark near enough to that immortal fane to appreciate duly the magnificence of those soaring genius's [sic] who seek the pin[n]acle of excellency tho' I must not pursue! I am now fourteen and since those days of my tenderest infancy my character has not changed. It is still as proud, as wilful, as impatient of controul, as impetuous, but thanks be to God it is restrained. I have acquired a command of myself which has become so habitual that my disposition appears to my friends to have undergone a revolution. But to myself it is well known that the same violent inclinations are in my inmost heart and that altho' habitual restraint has become almost a part of myself yet were I once to loose the rigid rein I might again be hurled with Phaeton far from every thing human . . every thing reasonable! My mind has and ever will²³ be a tur-

(20) *sum[n]it after the*

(21) *youth for infancy*

(22) *industry for application*

(23) *shall for will* [probably an inadvertent McSwineyism]

moil of conflicting passions, not so much influenced by exterior forces as by internal reflection and impetuosity. I have always some end in view which requires exertion, for if that exertion be wanting I should indeed appear to myself a dreary void! The energy or perhaps impetuosity of my character²⁴ allows me not to be tranquil and I look upon that tranquillity which I cannot enjoy with a feeling rather like contempt as precluding in great measure the intellectual faculties of the human mind!

My religion is I fear not so ardent but perhaps more reasonable than formerly and yet I must ever regret those enthusiastic visions of what may be called fanaticism which exalted my soul on the wings of fancy to the contemplation of the Deity. My admiration of literature, especially poetical literature, can never be subdued nor can it be extinguished but with life. If there be any innate principle it is that with which the soul contemplates superior excellence in whatever form it may soar²⁵—!!! . .—

After the glowing page of poetic fancy metaphysical knowledge must rank highest in my admiration. It exalts, it inspires, it elevates the soul above any worldly views but what is yet better, it convinces it. In accompanying Locke through his

(24) *must after character*
(25) *arise for soar*

complex reasoning and glorious subjects my mind seems more enlarged, more cultivated and more enlightened! I am neither vain, deceitful or vindictive but I am proud, impetuous and wilful! I am not irreligious but religion²⁶ has not always the same power over my heart! I am capable of great application but I fear that capacity is not often exerted. Emulation forms a strong feature in my²⁷ character.²⁸ Either neglect or anger or even hatred I can bear with proper tranquillity but any thing like contempt my nature spurns at. It is not easy to lose but difficult to gain my entire esteem for it is founded on the good qualities of my friends but one ungenerous sentiment would lose²⁹ it for ever! I feel uncontrollable contempt for any littleness of³⁰ mind or meanness of soul, and I feel that I can never love those whom I do not admire, respect and venerate: I trust that I am liberal—for bigotry and prejudice I detest, tho' some of my friends assure me that I am mistaken on this point. I am neither envious or obstinate—but³¹ am easily irritated and easily appeased. My disposition is haughty, impa-

(26) *faith for religion*

(27) *her for my*

(28) After *character* she cancelled the sentence, "Anything like contempt my nature spurns at."

(29) *ruin for lose*

(30) *in the for of*

(31) *I between but and am*

tient and fiery but I trust that my heart is good—I am confident³² it is grateful.

I understand little of Theology but I am fond of listening to disputations on that subject.

I am capable of patriotism, enthusiastic and sincere. At this period when the base and servile aristocracy of my beloved country overwhelm with insults our magnanimous and unfortunate Queen* I cannot restrain my indignation, I cannot controul my enthusiasm. The dearest wish of my heart would be to serve her—to serve the glorious Queen of my native isle. I am too insignificant to aid her but by prayer, and whilst I bow my heart in humble supplication to the throne of divine mercy may I hope that he who listeth to the voice of the unhappy will grant to the prayers of England the security and glory of her³³ Queen?—

About this time my beloved Bro left us for school†— If I ever loved any human being I love this dear Brother—the Partner of my pleasures, of my literary toils. My attachment to him is literally devoted! If to save him from anxiety, from

* Caroline of Brunswick, the repudiated but courageous consort of George IV.

† The Charterhouse School, in London, where Thackeray was one of his schoolfellows.

(32) *sure* for *confident*
(33) *their* for *her*

mental vexation any effort of mine could suffice, Heaven knows my heart that I would unhesitatingly buy his happiness with my own misery³⁴! But oh if there is a bitterness that is worse than death, if there is any pang which surpasses human wretchedness in agony it would be that with which I should behold him were he ever to stray from the path of honorable rectitude!

³⁵Thou who from thy pure Heaven beholdest me while I trace these characters if ever that day is to come, that hour of unutterable grief, grant that ere the morning breaketh I may sleep in peace, the cold sod reposing on my breast and deaf to the call of misery! Grant my Father that ere I behold my beloved Brother! my valued friend whose upright and pure principles my soul now glories in, deviating from honor, I may have breathed my last sigh and preserve the ideal vision of his virtue to my grave!—

And you, my own dearest Bro, if these pages ever meet your eye, when the laugh of dissipation assails you—when the mercenary bribe is proffered you—when you ever feel tempted to turn from the once adored image of honor, remember that the happiness of one at least hangs on your conduct! Oh remember her³⁶ words who loves you, who venerates

(34) *peace for misery*

(36) *your sister before her*

(35) *Good God before Thou*

you even to fondness and spare that heart which your degradation would³⁷ break!

But while the³⁸ tear swells in my eye should³⁹ I not remember that those principles of honor and probity are too deeply riveted in your breast to be shaken? Oh yes! You whom I depend on as on myself will never disgrace those principles⁴⁰ which animate this breast with such delight! I feel I know you never will!!!

Perhaps there is too much of sentiment in my disposition and too little rational reflection! I have beheld silently the pure and wide expanse of Ocean. I have remembered the littleness of Man when compared to the Majesty of God and my heart has throbbed almost wildly with a strange and undefined feeling!—I have gazed on the fleeting clouds which rolled their light columns over the dark blue sky and wept while I felt⁴¹ that such was the futility of life.

My feelings are acute in the extreme but as nothing is so odious in my eyes as a damsel famed in story for a superabundance of sensibility* they are

* It may be doubted whether the intention here was to be as coldly unsympathetic towards Marianne Dashwood in "Sense and Sensibility" as the words taken literally might imply. Poor Mari-

(37) *may* for *would*

(40) *sentiments* for *principles*

(38) *my* for *the*

(41) *perceived* for *felt*

(39) *while* for *should*

carefully restrained. I have so⁴² habituated myself to this sort of continued restraint, that I often appear to my dearest friends to lack common feeling! —I do not blame them. They know me not and I feel a sort of mysterious pleasure in their mistake!—

It is pleasing to all minds to feel that they are judged harshly—it robs Conscience of half her arrows.

I remember when very young—before I had passed the first years of infancy—being told by a servant whom I had offended, “that I was cold and unfeeling and that everyone thought so, whatever they might say”— I heard this declaration with the greatest pretended calmness—though my head perfectly seemed to swim so violent was my indignation; but pride, unconquerable pride, sealed my lips!— I only smiled—a contemptuous smile I meant it to be—and walked away! And yet I was not angry, only astonished—unspeakably astonished!—that whole day my usual⁴³ calmness sat on

anne’s overstrained sensibility—or, as we should now call it, sentimentality—must have been tedious enough to “Ba”; and perhaps she never got as far as the purgation by anguish, and the lovely scene in which Marianne champions her sister Elinor’s cause in a manner at once exquisitely tender and highly characteristic of her own natural temperament. Probably it was the type, not the young lady, that was odious to the critic in her early teens.

(42) *often after so*

(43) *natural [?] before calmness*

my brow—it was remarked that I was more silent than I was accustomed to be!— No! I could not preserve buoyant spirits when the bitterness of death was at my heart! I was young, very young then, to govern myself; but I did do it and I gloried in that self command, but when the shades of night descended, when I was left alone to hold solitary converse with my pillow, feelings so long repressed rushed like a cataract to my heart and tears gushed wildly forth!—

⁴⁴ My views of every subject are naturally cheerful and light as the first young vision of aerial hope but there have been moments, nay hours, when contemplation has been arrayed in sorrow's dusky robe, when Man has appeared to me black as night and happiness but a name!— And yet I have not felt miserable even then and I cannot entirely agree with our great Bard:*

The mind is its own place and of itself
Can make a hell of Heaven and Heaven of Hell.

I must ever believe that misery is influenced by external events. There is a kind of pensive melan-

* Milton, in *Paradise Lost*.

(44) Between this paragraph and the last she cancelled, "My attachment to my friends is fond and sincere indeed—that I may boast of without any imputation of vanity and without any conscientious scruple!"

choly which is the consequence of meditation, but misery must rack the soul influenced by more violent reverses!

My mind is naturally independant [*sic*] and spurns that subserviency of opinion which is generally considered necessary to feminine softness. But this is a subject on which I must always feel strongly, for I feel within me an almost proud consciousness of independance [*sic*] which prompts me to defend my opinions and to yield them only to conviction!!!!!!

My friends may differ from me: the world may accuse me but⁴⁵ this I am determined never to retract!!

Better, oh how much better, to be the ridicule of mankind, the scoff of society, than lose that self respect which tho' this heart were bursting would elevate me above misery—above wretchedness and above abasement!!! These principles are irrevocable! It is not—I feel it is not vanity that dictates them! it is not—I know it is not an encroachment on Masculine prerogative but it is a proud⁴⁶ sentiment which will never, never allow me⁴⁷ to be humbled in my own eyes!!!

To be a good linguist is the height of my ambi-

(45) *of* before *this*

(46) *an innate* for *a proud*

(47) *myself* for *me*

tion and I do not believe that I can ever cease desiring to attain this! The wish appears to be innate and rooted in my very nature!! It⁴⁸ is actuated by two motives, to be sincere. In primo vanity has not a little to do with it!! The second⁴⁹ perhaps cannot be so easily defined but whenever I am employed in any literary undertaking which requires much depth of thought and learned reference⁵⁰ I cannot help feeling uneasy and imagining that if I were conversant with such languages I might perhaps come to a descision [sic] at once on a point which now occupies days in conjecture!!

This is tormenting and sometimes agitates me to a painful and almost nervous degree. I well remember three years ago ere I⁵¹ had the advantage of Mr. McSwiney's instruction and having found myself entangled in one of these perplexities, crying very heartily for half an hour because I did not understand Greek!!!—

It was then I made a secret vow never to pause at undertaking any literary difficulty if convinced of its final utility, but manfully to wade thro' the waves of learning, stopping my ears against the enchanted voice of the Syren and unmindful of

(48) The words "Two motives actuate this desire" are here struck out.

(49) *secondly* for *The second*

(50) *references* for *reference*

(51) *we* for *I*

either the rocks of disappointment or the waves of labour. I believe I have resolution enough to abide by that determination, for if⁵² life be spent in the steep ascent⁵³ towards the bright pinnacle of learning it is a life well employed and tho' it be a life of labour and anxiety yet it is not a monotonous one! There is variety in it at least!!! Oh Monotony! Monotony, if there is a Demon to whom Beelzebub is a seraph, thou art he! If there is one more tedious, more teasing, more agonizing to an author! thou art he. Yes, take the Palm and for Heaven's sake never let me behold thy face again!!!

My attachment to my friends can scarcely be defined! It is a sentiment at once sincere, enthusiastic, devoted and melancholy . . I really believe I am disinterested! at least I feel as if I moved and breathed not for myself!! Perhaps this is from romance of disposition, but I always imagine that I was sent on the earth for some purpose! To suffer! to die! to defend! To save by my death my country or some very very dear friends! To suffer in the cause of freedom!! I know, I understand not how this is but I feel it in my heart core and so strong is this feeling⁵⁴ that it amounts almost to presentiment! But this is only sometimes. Sometimes

(52) *tho for if*

(53) *the ascent for the steep ascent*

(54) *sentiment for feeling*

when my mood is melancholy, and⁵⁵ mysterious. I do not pretend to more sentiment than my neighbours (tho' I sincerely believe I possess too much) for it is only at times that I feel this extraordinary depression of spirits, enthusiasm of disposition and mysterious feelings!! In society I am pretty nearly the same as other people, only much more wild⁵⁶ and much more mad!! These moments I may call lucid intervals tho' they are not always very sane! It is only when I am sola that the fits come on and before they are over I generally vent my feelings in tears!

And now the scene must close! I have carried up the tragic Comedy to the epoch when I have reached my fifteenth year and most stupid dramatis personæ they have been! Pray Readers (if I have the good fortune to have any) do not believe I think myself a fool! To tell you the simple truth, I do not! only rather mad or thereabouts! But I have done with egotism and if all my gentle auditors understand me as well as I do myself I shall be happy!!! My life has been chequered by my own feelings, not from external causes, and like Rosalind I have "laughed and wept in the same breath." My past days now appear as a bright star glimmering far, far away and I feel almost agony to

(55) *almost after and*

(56) *much more awkward after wild*

turn from it for ever! Before a darkness there are miseries—there may be joys which await me: but I know not! My destiny lies in the hands of God!!

And you my most patient auditors, as it may be requisite for dramatic effect to give you a little advice before the Curtain falls let me beg you if you wish to keep up your spirits never to write your own life.

EARLY VERSE AND PROSE FROM
THE HOPE END ARCHIVES

EARLY VERSE AND PROSE FROM
THE HOPE END ARCHIVES

I

ON THE CRUELTY OF FORCEMENT TO MAN;
ALLUDING TO THE PRESS GANG

Ah! the poor lad in yonder boat
Forced from his Wife, his Friends, his home,
Now gentle Maiden how can you
Look at the misery of his doom?

II

ON EARLY RISING

How foolish to slumber away from the light,
And slumber away from the time!
There was a Girl, and she was good,
Another was there bad,
The good she slumbered not, and Health was her
name,
The bad she was slothful, and Sloth was her name.

III

Ye lovely lillies of the Vale
Ye blossoms of the trees
Bow down your golden heads
With sweets to give me ease;
The Poppies silvered o'er with dew
The Oak its shady branches threw
Unto the verdant Earth.

IV

Near to a shady wood where Fir trees grew
A cottage stood where fell the dew,
The sweet abode of Piety and Peace.
There lived retired, a long loved niece,
Who from her Uncle fled
And he who loved her, thought her dead;
Till wandering thro' the Wood
For roses sweet
He chanced to meet
His dearest Niece!
He spoke with all the tenderness and zeal
To her, who fled from his appeal.

V

Ah! Virtue, come my steps to stay
Or else I go the other way
Where Vice her wicked courts displays.

VI

Loft on the top of that high hill a lonely cottage
 stood
Where Ellen used to mourn her hapless fate;
But now she 's gone—for ever more,
Into that dreary waste, so desolate.

VII

Upon the boundaries of a lofty Wood
A beauteous little Ivy'd cottage stood
Where Ellen lived with all her charms beloved
In Innocence itself, like to the Dove—
Her only Friend on Earth, her Father dear,
And God her only comfort was to fear.
One eve as wandering by herself alone
A lovely form appeared, sat on a throne;
He spoke and said, "My name is Fortune, love,"
"My wings fly quickly, like a beauteous dove,"

“Here is a golden vessel, all ’s for thee”
“And I will vanish quickly as you see.”
He gave the vessel,—gone for ever more
She hast’ly went to see her golden ore.
Her father died in peace because he saw
She list’ned wisely to his virtuous law.

VIII

Oh! thou! whom Fortune led to stray
In all the gloom of Vice’s way,
Return poor Man! to Virtue’s path,
The sweetest sweet, on this round Earth;
Thou slumber of the peaceful mind.
Be loving, grateful, good, and kind;
Oh! beauteous virtue, prythee smile,
For you the heaviest hours beguile.

IX

- 1] Soft as the dew from Heaven descends
And lengthening was the morn,
A gentle breeze embraced the trees,
The stream moved slowly on—
- 2] Now the young rosebud opening
And smiling to the day,

Her balmy breath
Gives joy and health
To early risers on their way.

X

Soft were the murmurs of the gentle rill,
The leaves were hush'd, and all was still,
The panting snowdrop raised its drooping head
And fell, as lifeless on its grassy bed
The vivid blushing of the reddening rose
The Linnets sweetly sang repose.

XI

As I was walking by a hedge, a bird with a yellow
breast sat on a bush, and then flew away; so I made
these verses. E. B.

Its golden plumage glittered on its breast,
Its brown wings bore it to its mossy nest,
It nursed its young ones, with a mother's care
And strove to save their life, from every snare.

[The description is of course that of a real (not an
imaginary) bird; I think it was the lesser white-
throat, the golden tinge of whose breast belongs to

the male bird alone. The second couplet is of course a child's pretty imagination. After some years' operation of the Act for protecting wild birds in England these tiny warblers took to haunting in small numbers the suburbs of London; and I have seen them yearly in an acacia tree that overhangs my porch. This year, the little cock struck me as the exact duplicate of Ba's bird. ED.]

The following couplets are dated the 27th of April, 1814:

XII

TO MY DEAREST PAPA!

Sweet Parent! dear to me as kind
Who sowed the very bottom of my mind
And raised the very inmost of my heart
To taste the sweets of Nature you impart!

I hope you will let us drink tea with you, and have your fiddle to-night—

Your dear child Elizabeth
An answer to the Nursery.

XIII

ON THE RETURN OF THE FINE SEASON—
APRIL 29

Sweet was the fresh o'er flowing flood—
The Wind blew thro' the restless wood—
Nature with flowers so gaily dressed
Embraced the meadows long oppressed,
Flora the smiling Goddess of the day
Bedecked with perfumed flowers her way,
Ceres who sweats with toil and care,
Her lovely features, and her golden hair.

XIV

OCCASIONED BY A FALL OF SNOW, MAY 6—1814

Winter, stern Winter 's come,
You cannot in the fields so gaily run,
You cannot run because it 's cold—
In Spring you run, and run so bold,
Spring! Oh fair Spring! when at thy birth
The world attends with joy and mirth,
With thy fair hand, thou spread'st the fragrant
 flowers,
The World is clear—clear peaceful hours.

XV

IN IMITATION OF "PITY THE SORROWS OF
A POOR OLD MAN"

Oh! thou attend to Pity's call
Listen Oh! listen to an old man's fall,
Who like a ship that 's floating on the wave
Is fallen never more to save.

The date of the next verses is that of Mrs. Barrett's birthday.

XVI

SENT TO MAMA ON 1ST MAY, 1814

'T was dark—the Tempest blew aloud
And light'ning flashed from every cloud,
A wretched mother fondly pressed
Her infant Babies to her breast;
These were stern Winter's lovely prize—
They shut—they closed—poor little eyes.
They died contented in their mother's arms—
No houses near—nor little Farms—
The restless leaves were hushed, in yonder wood
No mortal lived—nor cottage stood!

This wretched mother 's gone into her wat'ry
grave—

No man can pass—no man can save!

12

The waters shook as there she fell,

The chilling tempest blew farewell.

Though not one of the series of birthday addresses,
this attempt was doubtless a birthday gift for Mrs.
Barrett.

The next morsel is dated six days later than the
above, the 7th of May, 1814.

XVII

THE HERMIT

Far in a wilderness unknown

A Hermit lived and lived alone,

But with his Maker's Heavenly love

3

He hoped to go—to God above.

His cavern sweetly did abound

With myrtle sweet, and trees around;

6

His only drink was water from the well

And Nature's best herbs, dried in his cell—

The flying Zephyrs flutter in the air—

9

He eat [*sic* for *ate*] with pleasure frugal fare.

XVIII

TO FLORA—7TH MAY, 1814

Oh! thou who spread'st the opening bowers
With roses red, and beauteous flowers,
But He, the Parent of Mankind
Will ever have possession of my mind,
So Flora, Flora flee from me
For God is better still than thee.

Close to the little piece called “The Hermit” are
these lines, of the same date, headed as by her
brother—*Edward Barrett's first Poetic Effort.*

See yonder cot, and near a wood it stood,
The glossy dew
Fell dazzling on the earth.

XIX

ON AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA:
8TH MAY, 1814

Loud blows October's chilling blast
And, Etna's firebrands rudely cast,
Many a cottage burns upon the ground—
Many a thundering hissing's heard around—

And children mourning their unhappy fate;
And anxious mothers cry—Oh! 't is too late!
We built our cottage on this wretched hill,
But now it 's over!—poverty stands still;
No cloaths [*sic*] have we—no lovely home,
But o'er the hungry deserts forced to roam,
Oh! Patience, Patience meek! attend our lot,
Be thou our gentle guide in every spot.

XX

TO THE FISHING NET.—WRITTEN THE MORNING
THE POND WAS DRAWN AT HOPE END,
10TH MAY 1814

Restrain awhile thine anger, drapery white,
Altho' we now partake thy great delight;
Reflect, reflect, on Fishes' life
And lead not Man and Fish to strife;
Reflect, reflect a moment more
Ere you shut Charity's sweet door!

The following unheaded lines are dated the 13th
of May, 1814:

XXI

Mine 's the sweet home in yonder cell
Where Vice is never known to dwell,

But gentle Virtue governs there,
For God above, I love and fear!
For He so good has given to me
Mild Peace, and sweet obscurity.

It would have been natural to suppose that the pet-name *Addles* was a diminutive corruption of *Aabella*; but it is clear from the next piece, dated the 14th of May, 1814, that *Addles* was Henrietta Barrett, then aged five:

XXII

AN EPISTLE TO HENRIETTA

Thy gentle smile displays thy virtues sweet,
Altho' dear Addles far too much you eat;
But now you have a horrid cold,
And in an ugly nightcap you are rolled
Which spoils the nat'ral beauty of your face
Where dimples play in every cunning place;
I wish you would so nicely run
And then we should have merry fun,
But o'er the fire you poking sit
As if for nothing you were fit.
Our little Lamb is very well
Oh! come into our pretty cell!

Indeed I hope you 'll soon get better
And I am, dearest Henrietta!
Your very dear Elizabeth Barrett
Compared to you, a chatting parrott.

15

The “horrid cold” was evidently taken by or from “little Arabella,” a younger sister still. See *post*—No. XXIV.

There is another unheaded scrap dated the 17th of May, 1814, which raises a curious psychological speculation:

XXIII

Wild were the windings of the stream
And every plant and tree looked green—
The violets raised their heads so blue
And grass so green around them grew—
Upon a bank of roses red
Laborious bees on honey fed—
A boy there wasted many an hour
Watching the Bees suck honey from the flower.

Had this portentous little girl an “anticipated cognition” of Shelley’s poet watching

“from dawn to gloom
“The lake-reflected sun illume
“The yellow bees in the ivy bloom”?

XXIV

ADDRESSED TO DEAREST PAPA ON HIS BIRTHDAY,
UPON THE RECOVERY OF LITTLE ARABELLA
FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS

Oh come my muse, this twenty eighth of May,
Come let us celebrate this happy day!
Whilst I my humble lines rehearse, 3
The Nightingale and Linnet sing the verse!
When Death's pale hand o'er Baby spread,
The pillow raised her little head, 6
Her face was white, her pulse beat low,
From ev'ry eye sad tears did flow;
But God to her His Angel sent, 9
To make her well, on mercy bent!
Stern Death 's driv'n by the Angel's chace
And health comes, suffering to replace! 12
So blest thy birthday, Parent dear,
And blessed be thy birthday, every year!

28 May 1814.

When the rapidly growing family at Hope End had got over this epidemic, whatever it may have been, a change of air became necessary; and the next four compositions, being headed "Carlton,"

were presumably written at her uncle Samuel Moulton-Barrett's place, Carlton Hall, Yorks.

XXV

UPON THE ROSE BLOWING AFTER THE LILLY— CARLTON—JUNE 8TH, 1814

The lilly raised her head
Unto the rose,
Whom, when her guest drew near,
Blushed deeply!

What terrible tale had she heard at Carlton, on the 9th of June, 1814, when she wrote the six lines following?

XXVI

Oh! Virtue 's gone, sweet Virtue flies,
When Virtue 's fled, contentment dies!
Fair Ellen lived in mild content;
That 's gone! her happiness is spent!
Gloom takes possession of her soul,
And sadness reigns without controul.

The next poem, also written at Carlton on the 11th of June, does not reveal the date of the events recorded.

XXVII

ON VISITING MATLOCK, DERBYSHIRE

The carriage stops—the neat and smiling Inn,
The works of Man we leave—God's works to
win!—

Now then up shaggy hills we climb 3
To get to Nature's cavern grand and fine;
This scene is Nature's work, these trees are hers, 6
These Oaks, these Elms, these Yews, these Firs,
Now to her palace swiftly draw we near,
Which ever must inspire great awe and fear;
Where shaggy rocks are opening to our view, 9
Her jewels sparkle here, with wat'ry dew;
Now burning tapers in each hand is [*sic*] put
To light the way to stretch the weary foot; 12
Down the Abyss on rugged path we stray,
And steps descending, reach the wat'ry way.
Here heedless Ba, with magic wonder struck 15
Her eyes upraised, she gave her foot a duck;
The cavern dark, Papa's laugh resounded,
Mama's, Bro's, Addles's all loud rebounded;
Vast chambers now expanding to our sight, 18
Glittering in various gems of Spar so bright,
The massive rocks upon an angle rest,
Nature bears all these wonders in her breast. 21

Now then advancing to the morning sun,
We quit this shadowy cave, with vapours hung, 24
And joy to see the beauteous glowing day,
The rocks, woods, waters, all in bright array,
Then running, tumbling, down the hill, 27
Here wonders rise, our thoughts to fill ;
Papa, so ever kind, our joys to swell,
Led us to see the petrifying well, 30
Where heads, wigs, baskets, eggs, lie on the
ground
Soon turned to stone, in dropping waters
drowned.
Farewell, farewell, ye scenes of joy so sweet, 33
All other joys, lie humbly at thy feet.

The familiar pet-names “Ba” and “Bro” for herself and her brother Edward seem to be embodied in verse here for the first time.

The few dedicatory lines next following were written five days later at Carlton, namely, on the 16th of June, 1814, but seemingly misdated 1815. She is said never to have spoken of or to her uncle as *Uncle Sam*: hence the familiar “Dear Sam.”

(28) *Here* should probably be *New*.

XXVIII

TO HER UNCLE SAM, WITH HER POETRY

Dear Sam, accept my humble lay,
How dear to me, I need not say,
And when from Carlton I am gone,
I 'll never cease thy love to mourn;
At childhood's age these faults forgive
When I am older, if I live,
I 'll offer better verse to thee,
Who 's been so very kind to me.

The family appears to have made a longer visit to Fenham Hall near Newcastle-on-Tyne, the home of Mrs. Barrett, where the next eleven poems were written,—the first of them on the 2nd of July, 1814.

XXIX

A SONG

I] Peter Quarry he called all his vices together
To meet on the green field, or bright yellow
meadow
Says he our acquaintance I fear will be short,
For of going to virtue I 've a great thought.
Singing fal lal, &c.

How soon the Graham-Clarkes of Fenham Hall, her maternal grandfather, grandmother, and so on, procured the little poetess her first sight of the sea is not revealed; but it was in July. Now it cannot be denied that an articulate child's first impressions of the sea, recorded in verse, may be truly called a human document of consequence; and here are little "Ba's," recorded at Fenham:

XXX

ON FIRST SEEING THE SEA AT TYNEMOUTH

The German Ocean rolls upon my sight,
A wat'ry world of brilliant light;
The proud rocks overhang the sea,
The sands afford a walk to me
When there, the mighty hand of God
I saw in every step I trod!
And Tynemouth Castle proudly stood
On massive rocks above the flood,

When Denmark's Sovereign tired of Flattery's
art

9

Who tried to throw at him her poisoned dart,
His courtiers said he was so great a one
The earth, the trees, the clouds, the moon, the
sun,

12

The rushing waters would his voice obey,
And then they joined in a profound huzza!

Now by the ocean sat upon his chair,
He of his courtiers' folly was aware,
"Go down," he cries, "proud wave, now cease to
flow,

15

Retire, and learn my dignity to know;"
But still the roaring billows dashing rose,
And o'er his feet, their briny torrent flows.

18

"See now," he cries, "there is one only Lord,
And He our merits surely will reward;
May you, presumptive fools, this lesson learn,
Your breach of truth be drowned, in waters
stern."

21

24

Her second brother Samuel, born on the 13th of January, 1812, appears to have been of the party at Fenham, where the next lines were written on the 26th of July, 1814.

(14) In the manuscript *all* is written wrongly in place of *in a.*

XXXI

THE BEGGAR BOY'S PETITION TO LITTLE SAM

Sam! why wilt thou not believe me,
And in my sad distress relieve me?
My Father, Mother, Friends are gone 3
And I am left my grief to mourn!
I have no Friends, I have not one
But still I say, God's will be done! 6
Long I have been a Beggar poor
Craving soft pity at your door.
A piece of bread is all I ask. 9
To give it, is a happy task!
Plenty your rosy dimpled cheeks bespeak
Whilst I, your charity am forced to seek! 12

The next scrap of three couplets belongs to the following day, 27th July, 1814.

XXXII

Fair Emma plunkt the sweet carnation,
Which bloomed in beauteous preservation;
God watered it with healthy dew,
But now its hours of life are few;
Death at this humble flower, his arrow fires,
And drooping down its blushing head expires.

XXXIII

ON A SHIP BEING LOST AT TYNEMOUTH
LINES WRITTEN AT FENHAM, 4TH AUGUST, 1814

Alas! how many dismal months have passed,
How many anxious days and weeks elapsed,
Since sailors in yon ship, have touched their
native shore;

3

They thought dear England's coast they 'd see
no more.

Yes—once again fair Tynemouth Castle rose,
This did they hope, the end of all their woes; 6
No—treacherous Neptune their sad fate decrees,
And Eolus came angry in the breeze;
The God, confused at Neptune's stern command, 9
Sent forth the roaring billows to the land;
And beauteous Venus, trembling, mildly fled,
And those poor mortals thought that they were
dead;

12

The ship sank low, and they were lost,
Who on the sea so many miles were tost.

(9) The copy-book reads *Gods*; but the allusion is of course to
Æolus.

The little visitor from Malvern Hills and Vales records some more boisterous Northumbrian weather on August 12, 1814, thus:

XXXIV

Ah! now, stern winter's chilling blast returns,
Which roughly blows down houses, trees and
barns;
The fields and meadows, covered o'er with snow
And all the world is like a world of woe;
But Spring breaks thro' the clouds so white,
Gives birth to day, and cheers the dark of night;
With her fair hands she raises buds to flowers,
Makes them forget stern winter's blasting showers.

Ten days later she was sitting in the shrubbery writing to her restless father, then in London:

XXXV

AN EPISTLE TO DEAREST PAPA IN LONDON

I] As in the shady shrubbery I sit,
With insects buzzing round my head,
I call my Muse her silence now to quit,
And my few thoughts to thee in verse are led.

II] For absent is my Parent dear,
I wish he would to Fenham come!
For dull it makes the house appear,
When thou art fled, when thou art gone!

III] Happily we went to the play,
“Revenge” excited our delight,
When Young in Zanga on Thursday,
Kept sleep away, tho’ by lamp light.

IV] It was a Tragedy so deep,
And Ba and Bro so much amused,
We could not then have fallen asleep
Leonora only we abused.

v] There’s Mr. Butler stole two pound
From off Bum’s painted table,
And then he beat her fairly round
As long as he was able.

VI] So Mr. Sheriff if you please,
Send constables to take him,
To put this party more at ease
For he’s the Rogue, who plagues them.

(II, 2) He appears to have returned to the North not later than the 6th of September, when he was expected to laugh heartily at a unique private theatrical performance.

(IV, 4) “The part of Leonora badly performed,” says a footnote in the manuscript.

(V, 2) This pet-name seems to have been applied to a dependent of the Hope End family—probably a nurse.

VII] Now they are all gone to dinner;
Alone I 'm left to write to thee,
For I should think myself a sinner,
Had anything such charms for me.

VIII] My love to Grandmama I send,
And love to Trepsack too,
My kindest thoughts them e'er attend,
But best of loves to you.

There is only one untitled poem to show for August; it was written at Fenham, on the 26th.

XXXVI

Down in a Vale, a little cottage stood,
Surrounded by a spacious Wood,
Where Anna lived in blooming pride, 3
And on her Maker only, she relied.
When wandering out, one early Morn,
Thro' the Wood, and tangled thorn; 6
The ushering birds sang in the day,
For it was then the month of May,
Gently flowed the little rill, 9
Soft was the breeze, all else was still;

(VIII, 2) Mary Trepsack, or Tripsack, was, I believe, Mrs. Moulton's companion or maid.

The grass was green, the flowers looked gay,
The little Lambs did skip and play; 12
Now hours passed on, the dark night drew,
She heard a rustling noise—she flew,
But in her breast a dagger felt, 15
When falling on her knees—she knelt—
“Thy will be done, great God” she said,
“Of grim death I am not afraid, 18
“During life, I’ve done Thy will,
“And now in Death I love Thee still.”
Then gently fell her head—she sighed, 21
And falling on the earth—she died!

The following two quatrains are dated the 1st of September, 1814.

XXXVII

I] Fair and chrystal is the Spring,
Winding to the woodbine bower,
Echoing do the mountains ring,
Rocks bear the Ivy mantled Tower.

II] Serene and joyful is the cot,
With trees around, and grass so green,
More blessed and happy is the lot,
To dwell in this delightful scene.

The next of the Fenham compositions, headed "Prologue" and dated 6th September, 1814, indicates that the versatile infant authoress had been trying her tiny hand not only at acting but also at composing tragedies.

XXXVIII

PROLOGUE

Well, my good friends, you 're here, and on the
stairs you sit,
In truth there are not Boxes, Gallery or Pit;
Some think the Play is good, some think it bad; 3
In different opinions you are clad;
But now of this I hope you will think well,
Or I shall be afraid, when sounds the Bell; 6
Then before all our acting we must shew,
"Theresa" that sad tale of woe,
And "The lost child" have each a share, 9
For Leonora 's stolen there!
In these I hope amusement you may find,
And if you do, to us you 're very kind; 12
I 'm sure you 'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Particularly dearest dear Papa;
Now I must end this dull prologue, 15
In hopes the mob will pelt "the Rogue."

A foot-note in the manuscript explains that *Teresa, or the downfall of Spain*, and *Leonora, or the lost child*, were tragedies composed by Elizabeth and performed by her, Edward, and Henrietta. Of the words “the poor ‘Rogue,’ Mr. Butler, with whom she is at war,” the meaning is not very clear.

Taking that note in connexion with the fifth and sixth quatrains in No. XXXV, we might not be far wrong if we concluded that the little authoress and actress was mingling the domestic with the dramatic in her story to her absent father; that Mr. Butler was *the* butler at Fenham Hall and had been called in to impersonate the Rogue in the tragedy, together with Nurse “Bum”; and that the authoress thought he did his part too much to the life. But see Introduction.

The event recorded in the next is of distinct importance in the history of the child’s mental development. It belongs to the Fenham Hall visit, but has no date beyond September, 1814.

It is by no means clear that the Poet Laureate of Hope End has not put historians of music and musicians in possession of an incident in the life of Catalani not otherwise duly recorded. My friend A. B. Walkley tells me that Geneste makes no mention either of Catalani or of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and that a longish life of the lady in Grove’s Dictionary of Music contains nothing about a New-

castle visit. Her touring in Great Britain in 1814 is mentioned in Sainsbury's Biographical and Historical Dictionary of Musicians, an excellent compilation published in London in 1824, and also in various later English, French, and German authorities, but none of them mention the visit to Newcastle. At Mr. Walkley's suggestion I wrote to the editor of *The Newcastle Chronicle*, who kindly had his files of the paper searched, with the result that he found advertisements of a Grand Musical Festival in that city, and that Catalani's name heads the list of the stars. Braham was there, and so was an amateur performer of gymnastics on the fiddle, Lucia Gerbini, a pupil of Viotti, with a notable enough record. There were three performances in the theatre and three in the Church of St. Nicholas; but the place of assembly at which the Poet Laureate of Hope End heard Catalani seems to have been the former (l. 16). Whether she was duly impressed by Gerbini and the great Braham, the Hope End archives do not show.

XXXIX

ON HEARING CATALANI SING, AND BEING TOLD HER STORY

Here Catalani in a convent lies,
Virtuous, beauteous, good and wise,

Her parents thought that there she had better
stay, 3
They can't support her any other way.
The night before she took the Veil,
She did in tears and beauty wail.— 6
An English singer heard her voice
And felt 't would make the World rejoice;
He to her Father went to beg and pray 9
That she with him a month might stay.
Cheered with bright Hope, her genius rose,
In tones sublime, her talent glows— 12
Proud monarchs listen to her strain
And on her, treasures shower like rain;
She to Newcastle came to sing, 15
The playhouse with her Voice did ring—
O! sweet inspirer of my lay
I could not too much of thy genius say, 18
For when you raise your warbling throat,
The Nightingale is humbled by your note.

The sentiment of the close, though absolutely juvenile in expression, connotes a soul development; and in the brief address to Mrs. Barrett which marks the return to the quiet and seclusion of the Malvern Hills and Valleys, a higher note is struck.

XL

AFTER A SHOWER OF RAIN—TO MAMA; HOPE END,
3RD OCTOBER, 1814

Gently fell the Heavenly dew,
Gentle as my love for you,
It fell on many a vivid bower,
It fell on many a spangled flower;
Many a leaf strewed on the ground,
And many a flower in waters drowned.

But the seclusion of Hope End was accompanied by that strenuous acquisition of learning and knowledge that marked even the childhood of little Ba, and shows her to the world as an illustration of the proverb, “The child is father to the man;” for never was a more perfect case than that of little Ba the mother of the greatest of women-poets, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Among these records of her tiny beginnings is a French couplet which must, I think, from its position belong to this period, though the year-date is written “1815,” not “1814”:

XLI

FIRST FRENCH LINES—HOPE END,
OCTOBER 25, 1814

Dieu! Je te remercie des biens, que tu donnes à moi;
Quelle recompense puis je offrir à Toi!

[TRANSLATION

God! Thee I thank for all thou givest me;
What can I offer, in return, to Thee?]'

Another composition, a prose tale called *Sebastian*, certainly belongs here, though at present separated from the continuous transcript. It is marked at the foot as written at Hope End in October, 1814, and, with its curious "Dedication," marks a quasi-commercial simulation of the publishing trade:

XLII

SEBASTIAN, OR THE LOST CHILD—A TALE OF OTHER TIMES

Dedication to Mrs. Barrett

Madam,—

I request you to accept this little story for three shillings, and to write copies to be sold to the public.

I am, Madam,

Your most ob't Humble Servant

Nursery Row.

ELIZABETH BARRETT

N.B. You owe me 8d. for other things:—

In a beautiful grove situated on the borders of Vales there arose a picturesque cottage, in which lived with perfect content an old Man, whose head, silvered over by age, bespoke a venerable mind ; he had an only Grandson, whom he loved exceedingly. This child was about six years old, and was named Sebastian.—On his countenance was pictured negligent simplicity ; application had rendered him clever, besides which he was so remarkably good-tempered as to be beloved by every one who knew him.—One day having gone into a wood to walk he became extremely tired, and looking about him he perceived that the mists of night were gathering near, the moon smiled upon the Earth, and the stars shone forth in all their splendor—he startled—he thought he saw gloomy spirits of the night on all sides; again he thought that could not be, as his good Grandfather had told him there were no “Ghosts.”—He raised his hands to Heaven, and prayed to God to preserve him—after having said his prayers, he was more composed, and sat down upon a stone under a large Oak-tree—the murmuring of the water, together with the rustling of the leaves, lulled him into a sound sleep.—Aurora awoke him and the sun enlivened every object—Sebastian arose and tried to get out of the wood—Alas! he could not find the path—“Oh! Fortune,” he cried, “do not forsake

me!" For many hours he wandered about the forest, sometimes satisfying his hunger by eating berries—at last exhausted by fatigue he laid down under a bush and fell again asleep, as the night before, but not with such calm repose—he startled in frightful dreams—he dreamt his Grandfather was ill, and by the loss of him unable to get a morsel of bread to put into his mouth—he awoke just as his Grandfather was dying.—Sebastian arose, "Oh! my Grandfather! perhaps this dream is too true! Oh! Heavenly Father," he exclaimed, "have mercy on the poor Sebastian! Send Thy Angel to guide me out of this wood." Again he made the effort, and strayed for a long time amid the scattered paths—at last to his great joy, he perceived a light amongst the trees—he ran to it, and how great was his surprize to see a magnificent Castle! He doubted for some time whether he should remain or proceed; he at last took courage, and approached the Castle—he knocked at the gate—no one answered—he looked round him and saw a summer house, which was shaded with myrtles and roses—he ran to it and laid down upon a bench overgrown with ivy—he fell into a sound sleep—when he awoke he found himself moving downwards and perceived a trap door in the floor—he raised it and saw a deep dungeon—he descended and went through many caverns—he heard

a voice cry, "Oh Sebastian! My child, my child!" he hastily opened a door whence the voice came and beheld his Grandfather stretched on rotten straw. Sebastian approached saying, "Here is thy poor Sebastian." His Grandfather tenderly embraced him and after some time broke silence—"I was going on my way to look for you my child and this robber met me—he siezed [*sic*] me, and brought me here to starve—he took all my money from me and beat me till I could not stand.—Now you my son are come to deliver me." Sebastian then related his history and having led his Grandfather out of the dungeon by way of the trap door, they departed home -----

Sebastian is immediately followed by *Disobedience*, another tale begun on the same paper and belonging equally to 1814; but a note minutely written at the foot of a page mentions that the passage from "It many times" to "labyrinth of despair" was "inserted by the little Authoress 2 years afterwards."

XLIII

DISOBEDIENCE

On the borders of the Liffy there arose a fine Castle in which lived a Lord and a Lady who had two

children whose names were William and Emily—these children were honest, clever and affectionate—but they were disobedient—this vice they had to so great a degree, that their play-fellows were never happy in their society—One day they asked their Mama if they might go out—she told them they might, if they would not go beyond the lawn before the house—they said, “Oh yes Mama,” and away they ran, without saying a word more, to put on their hats, and went out—unfortunately they saw a beautiful butterfly—they ran after it; it flew over a ditch, and they followed it out of the lawn, where their mother had told them not to go—

“O beauteous butterfly, haste thee away
Or thou 'lt be victim to our childish play!”

It many times seemed to flatter their hopes—when they thought they had caught it, it flew over their heads, and mocked their fruitless search—thus pleasure often deceives her ignorant followers; after having long tempted their wearied sight, with her most dazzling colors, she drops into the clouds and leaves them lost in the labyrinth of despair. They ran for a long time amidst scattered bushes. At last overwhelmed with fatigue they looked around them, and found they were in the midst of a wood: they screamed, and at last to their

great joy, they heard the barking of a dog, and saw the smoke of a cottage—they ran as hard as they could and approached a white thatched cottage—they knocked at the door, an old man came to it—“My dears,” said he, “you are welcome to this straw, with all my heart, if you will lie on it—I am poor, but I am contented—

Poverty and sweet content
If well used, can ne'er be spent.”

William and Emily were very glad to lie on this clean straw, and they slept as soundly as if they had been on beds of down.—When they arose, and went out of the cottage, as they passed by the river-side, William’s foot slipped, and he fell into the Liffy—“O my Brother,” cried Emily, “have you left me alone without a friend to protect me? stay a little while, a very little while.” Uttering these words she plunged into the river, and caught hold of her Brother’s arm.—With much difficulty she dragged him on shore.—They went home, but William was taken ill, and his recovery was despaired of. With great care he was restored, and never again practised the crime of disobedience;

“O disobedience haste away
And listen to the Author’s lay!—”

Misplaced among various compositions of 1815 is a goody-goody story of 1814, which is referred to in a letter to “the little Authoress’s” mother, signed and dated. This letter shows that the dear lady aided and abetted her phenomenal daughter in these droll business transactions:

To Mrs. Barrett

Madam,—

It would give me great pleasure if you could dispose of “The Way to humble Pride” as you have done of the other stories—I am, Madam,

Your most ob’t Humble Serv’t—

Hope End,

1814

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT

Here follows the “story,” composed upon a motto presumably of the small poet’s own devising:

XLIV

“THE WAY TO HUMBLE PRIDE”

Gaming, such as cards and dice,
Surely is an odious Vice;
It often does betray the rich
And leads the unthinking to the ditch:

In a beautiful country house some miles from London, there lived a gentleman of the name of Dorset; he had an amiable Wife, and four Children, the eldest of whom was named Francis, the second Louisa, the third Laura, and the youngest Oliver. — You would have thought Mr. Dorset could [have] had nothing to wish for with such blessings — on the contrary he was unfortunately addicted to the vice of gaming and thought he could never be happy, unless surrounded by cards and dice. When at home, he scolded his Wife, and was so extremely irritable that everybody left him with disgust — but altho' he treated his Wife in so barbarous a manner, she tenderly loved him. He borrowed money in so extravagant a way, that he was not aware of the amount; one day his Steward asked to speak to him; Mr. Dorset replied he was to go about his business; the Steward obeyed, but returned at the same hour the next day, and the next, but he received the same answer; at last Mr. Dorset having lost all patience called him into the room where he was sitting, and began to abuse the poor old man in the strongest terms, who listened patiently till he had done, and then spoke in the following manner —

“Sir, I am very sorry to incur your displeasure, but necessity obliges me — you are extremely poor, you have ruined yourself and your family.” —

At these words Mr. Dorset looked at him and turned pale—"Is what you say true?"—

"Sir," said the Steward, "I would not tell you a lie, for all the gold you have lost; Alas! you have not money to pay your Creditors."—

Mr. Dorset now fully convinced of his folly began to think seriously of his past conduct—he went to the Chamber of his Wife, who alarmed at seeing her Husband look ill, tenderly enquired the cause of it—he told her the cause. She looked at him and smiled—

"Woman," he exclaimed, "do you make a jest of my misfortunes?"

"No, my Husband, but cannot we work for our bread?"

"Work for our bread?" cried Mr. Dorset, "rather let me die here."

The conversation was stopped by a knock at the door. Mrs. Dorset ran down stairs and presently returned with a sorrowful Countenance—

"What is the matter?" cried Mr. Dorset—

"The Creditors are come," she replied, "but we can sell the furniture." As she finished these words little Oliver ran into the room—

"Mama," said he, "there is a strange man taking all the chairs and tables away."

"My dear," said Mrs. Dorset, "I told him to do so, but go and tell your Brother and Sisters to come here"—

Little Oliver ran out of the room, and presently returned leading in Francis, Louisa, and Laura—Mrs. Dorset told them to put on their hats, because they were going away.—On hearing these words, they said they did not like to go away from that nice house; but on being told they must go, they consented with great reluctance. They all cried on leaving so dear a home, but it served to humble Mr. Dorset's pride and he said that never would he go to a gaming table again. He kept his promise—they went to a small farm, where they lived happily, not only blessed with the love of their Friends, but with that of all who knew them.—Thus it is not riches alone that can make people happy, but Virtue.—

THE END.

The name Dorset is very suggestive of another family circle into which the child's studies had led her. On the back of the third page of this sketch, begins a composition in which a similar liberty is taken with Madame de Staël's name, for though it has no connexion with the real personage of that name, it is headed "Madame de Staël's Travels thro' Europe." It has the name Edward Barrett at the end; but whether father or son is not divulged—probably it was composed by the master

of Hope End himself, still a young man not over thirty, and not remarkably gifted. In any case, it forms no part of the present scheme to print it.

The next return to verse consists of a sincere little prayer in two couplets, dated the 2nd of November, 1814.

XLV

Oh! Virtue sweet, Oh! beauteous Truth,
Defend from snares my tender Youth,
And come together, hand in hand,
To guide me through this wicked land.

The composition in verse numbered XLVI is more of an exercise than many of the shorter ones; it would have had some such title as “Disobedience and the Lion” if it had not been left unheaded. It was written on the 4th of November, 1814, of course at Hope End.

XLVI

Far along a rugged wood
Where human steps had never trod,
Where Beasts and Lions used to rave 3
In madness, nobody could save!

A child one early morn did creep
Whilst all the World was lulled asleep; 6
Her Friends did oft this crime forbid
And her wild Wanderings oftentimes chid;
Along a bush-grown path she strayed, 9
Where spreading Beeches cast their shade;
She heard a loud tremendous growl,
And the Winds thro' the forest howl; 12
In her fright she lost her sight,
And trembled at the coming night,
Who threw her mantle o'er the sky, 15
And the pale moon was quivering high:
A Lion bursting from the bush,
On the frightened child did rush, 18
And on the spot he laid her dead,
The damp ground was her dying bed!
Oh! Children all, then be aware, 21
Or you will fall in Sorrow's snare,
If ye your Parents won't obey
Nor listen to their generous sway. 24

The next is merely headed "Hope End, 17th Novr.
1814."

XLVII

By a large and spacious plain,
There lived retired a horrid swain;

He cared for noisy joy and mirth,
And every crime upon the Earth;
Satan and lies to him were given,
Yet he expected a reward from Heaven.

Paraphrased

Near to Adam's cultivated plains,
A cottage stood—mute quiet reigns,
A maiden lived of air serene,
With flowing hair and graceful mien,
Virtue and Truth to her were given,
The brightest gifts bestowed by Heaven.

In a foot-note written as part of the manuscript, it is explained that by "Adam's cultivated plains" is meant, "plains in a state of natural luxuriance, such as Adam is supposed to have enjoyed."

No. XLVIII smacks rather of her studies than of Muse-invoking: it is entitled—

XLVIII

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE ALPS

Bold Hannibal from Carthage made his way—
His val'rous troops were all in bright array,
Now to the Alps—the Pyrenees were past, 3
He gained the mountains' base, fatigued at last;

Ascending fearlessly the rugged hills
Cheered and refreshed by whispering gentle
 rills,

6

The alarmed Natives made him quit his pace,
And from the Cliffs rolled stones upon the place;
Down the steep hills fell Elephants and Men, 9
Into vast Gulphs or solitary den—
Where horrid fiends were gathering far and near,
Such were their feelings amid War and fear, 12
Where ne'er was heard the blithely singing
 Lark,

Death takes them for his bloody arrow's mark,
Courageous Hannibal, this attack repelled, 15
And many thousands of them proudly felled;
The rest he soon drove back into the Town,
And with provisions there his fight did crown; 18
Now the sly mountaineers of higher hills,
With Flora's train of sweets, the mountain fills,
To offer olive branches in sweet peace, 21
If Hannibal their prisoners would release.
They cunning wished to guide him, night and
 day,

And faithless proved when passing narrow
 way—

24

At last the Carthaginians reached the top,
On fair Italia's plains they look—they stop—
Worn out with hunger sad, and great fatigue 27
With journeying thus, o'er many a weary league.

No. XLIX, a study for the abode of Sorrow, is not so called. The word *whelps*, as a verb, is very unchildlike; and the day must have been very “dark and dreary”: it was written in November, 1814.

XLIX

By the side of a hill hollow
It was the dire abode of sorrow,
Where lurking mischief hides itself
In the dark hole where murder *whelps*,
Theft in black robes is standing here,
Deceit and Fraud are reeling near!
Where man is ever prone to sin,
And Virtue’s path does ne’er begin!

The next, also, is without title, but is headed “Hope End, Novr. 1814.”

L

I] As I wandered along thro’ a Wood,
I had not a scant morsel of food;
Misery on the ground I read,
I thought the earth would be my bed
Of misery!

II] At last a kind stranger I saw
Who for Charity opened his door,
To give a poor Wanderer relief,
Who, but for him, would have died of sad grief
In misery!

III] The snug little cottage I 'm in,
Affords little work, but to spin,
But altho' here no grandeur I 've found,
'T is better, far better! than starve on the
ground
In misery!

The next two are headed as written in December,
1814, at Hope End, but have no titles.

LI

Down in a Vale a cottage rose,
A maid there lived, who fervent glows,
Her soul she raised to smiling Heav'n 3
And thanks she poured for having giv'n
Blessings she never could repay,
And humbly yields to God the Sway, 6
Emma her name—she 's like the Rose,
Which blooms in Summer—lulled to repose,
On leaves so soft—so freshly green, 9
The loveliest flower that e'er is seen!

LII

I] In a Vale a lilly droops,
Bereft of Fortune's streams;
To raise up useful gifts, she stoops,
And with pure virtue beams:

II] She ne'er forsook her bounteous Lord;
And happy e'er was she,
And when is found sweet Heav'n's reward,
Still happier shall she be!

The Seasons looks like an ambitious but abandoned project.

LIII

THE SEASONS.—HOPE END, 12TH NOVEMBER, 1814—
JANUARY, 1815

SPRING

Oh! Spring! we hail thy breath so sweet,
How soft thy smile, how calm is thy retreat!
What heart is Grief, is turned to smile, 3
For thy approach all griefs beguile.

(LIII, 3) *Sic*; but probably we should read, *What heart 's in grief.*

Where clustering branches of the fair haw-
thorn
Shade the wide hill, or scattered o'er the lawn 6
Near to thy throne grow roses red,
And of sweet violets many a bed.
The whispering of the secret dale, 9
The stream glides smoothly thro' the Vale,
The modest snowdrops slowly bow,
The milkmaid milks the speckled Cow. 12
O'er every field, sweet Flora's footsteps trace,
On every bush is seen her smiling face.

SUMMER

All hail most grateful Summer, Goddess hail!
Throw back thy yellow hair—throw back thy
Veil,
Which Spring has thrown so lightly o'er thy
face; 3
Goddess approach—let 's see majestic grace.—
Come near, come tip with gold the varied
trees,
Come wake the World, come wake the gentle
breeze 6
To joy, to lively Mirth, to tender love;
The peacock with its tints, the am'rous dove.
Sometimes by light'ning is the thunder driven, 9
To shake the dark celestial Vault of Heaven.

The following pretty greeting to the three-year-old Samuel on his birthday recalls that poor dear Mrs. Barrett had just given birth to her third son, Charles ("Storm").

LIV

TO LITTLE SAM ON HIS BIRTHDAY—HOPE END,
13TH JAN'Y, 1815

Oh! come fair Muse, Oh! raise thy fondest strain,
Come, let us hear thy plaintive Voice again,
Now come and celebrate this jovial day, 3
Throw out our merry strains, let 's jump and play.
Three years have flown now, o'er thy glossy head,
Three years! and ah! how quickly have they
fled, 6

The fourth—be early wise and truly good,
Ask of thy bounteous Maker sense and food;
Accept, sweet Sam, these wishes on thy birth 9
From her, who loves thee well, as any on the Earth.
A Brother 's sent!—most sweetly to beguile
And cheer thy Birthday, with his Infant Smile; 12
Oh! welcome little Babe! I welcome thee,
And trust thou 'lt some time give thy love to me:
May we live happy in each other's love, 15
And bless our Parents till we rise above!

Here pause my muse! here hush thy golden lyre,
For Currant Wine must quench Celestial fire. 18

Mrs. Barrett sent this poem in a letter to Fenham Hall, in which she said: "Ba has not written much poetry since we came home. Milton had not always the faculty, nor can we expect this humble little votary. I send you one, to little Sam, on his birthday." The foregoing text, however, is from the book of transcripts, a foot-note in which divulges that potations of currant wine were "a customary birthday treat" at Hope End.

No LV was written at Hope End on the 20th of January, 1815.

LV

AURORA

But hark! Aurora wakes—the Cocks shrill crow
And cooling zephyrs gently blow,
The lark with quiv'ring wings begins its flight,
The peacock with its varied feathers dight,
The playful Fawns around them play
Whilst linnets hail the fair approach of day,
And the proud Lion stops awhile—
Calming his angry frown, begins to smile.

LVI

ON MR. BELL'S SICKNESS AT HOPE END— MARCH, 1815

Paleness is spread o'er Richard's face,
Sickness of Health has ta'en the place,
His dimpled cheeks are pallid now 3
With grunts and groans, and kicking up a row,
The air resounding with his plaintive cries
And every dismal hour he thinks he dies; 6
At length o'ercome with heavy sleep,
He falls into a slumber deep—
But when awoke by fair Aurora's light 9
He found that Health had won the fight,
But left one single symptom of disease,
Which he could soon remove, when he did
 please, 12
'T was appetite—she o'er him spread a veil,
And sharply with her weapons did assail,
On him at breakfast did display her power, 15
For Rolls and Muffins 't was a direful hour;
All fears dispelled, as he from table rose
In smiles adorned, for Health within him glows; 18
Sweet Kindness sparkles in his face,
Where, Oh! may sickness never more find place!
Pause here my Muse, and do not further stray, 21
In wishing him all joy—thus ends thy lay.

LVII

TO MAMA—HOPE END, 23RD MARCH, 1815

Blow, Zephyrs, blow! here let my Muses rove
To the kind strain of soft parental love!
For thou inspirest my Verse; for thee the Muses
stray—

A sweeter theme than this could ne'er uphold my
lay.

Was I not nursled on thy tender breast?

On thee my infant head did I not rest?

Who roused my lyre, my Muse's early spell?

Who taught my heart the love of truth so well?

How sad my fate, if this thou hadst not given! 9

I 'll bless thee, fair one, as I rise to Heav'n.

The transitive verb to *nursle* employed in line 5 strikes one as a very bold attempt on the part of a child of nine to create what lexicographers call an incorrect back-formation (from *nursling*). The most renowned word of its class, the verb to *burgle*, was, I believe, created in jocular vein by the arch-joker Sir William Gilbert, and is now held to be English—by journalists. Will they hereafter avail themselves of *nursle*?

Towards the close of the small quarto collection

of fair copies of this unique little maiden's compositions is a page of prose scraps described at the head as—"Essays."

The first should be entitled, *The King and the Beggar*; but it has no title and reads thus:

LVIII

A King is a Man, the same as the Beggar; but their education is changed by Fortune's gifts—we bow the knee before him, because we are bound by the Word of God, saying, Fear God and honour the King.

Faintly written in pencil after the last word is the exclamatory denunciation, "The rank sentiment of a Tory." The writing is said by a member of the family to be that of Ba's papa, and is certainly "frumious" enough to justify that ascription. The child's next "Essay" is—

LIX

OF PROPHECY

Prophecy is like a Messenger from Heav'n to teach Chosen Men what is to come to pass in this

world, and sometimes in the next. John prophesied the circumstances of the end of the world.

On this her stern parent had no remarks to offer, as far as the record shows. The remaining scrap is—

LX

AN ADDRESS TO TRUTH

Truth! Oh, thou Virgin of Heav'n, dressed in a robe of light! thou art followed by Virtue, Honesty, and mild Innocence.—With thee is Happiness.—Deign to listen to my song! Oh Truth, never leave me, Oh Virgin of Heaven, even when I hush my note, for thy Smile will beguile all Sorrows.

That is wonderful as the enthusiasm of a child of nine, and points (quite unnecessarily, it is true) to the genuineness of the gratitude to her mother expressed in the words—

“Who taught my heart the love of truth so well.”

The only heading to the next homily is “Hope End, April, 1815.”—

LXI

Amid the secret windings of a grove
A maid there lived who used to rove
Upon its banks—she sang of tales of love
And listened to the warblings of the dove
And Nature's harmony—her breast with Virtue
glows,
But envious Malice gave her cruel foes—
Whilst fair Religion led her steps to Heav'n
And far away her enemies are driv'n.

LXII

ON THE FIRST OF MAY—MAMA'S BIRTHDAY—1815

- I] Come Oh my Muse, sing of the first of May.
Kind Heav'n to me a precious boon has given,
For earth was blest with thee on this fair day,
And when death comes, thou 'lt rise to smiling
Heav'n.

- II] Accept this pledge of love my dear Mama,
And cheer my Verses with a bounteous smile;
Aurora sings in her triumphal Car,
And Nature's Music does the hours beguile.

The continuous transcript of compositions of little Ba aged eight and nine ends with these tender heroic quatrains to the mother to whom she owed so much and of whom so little has up to now been known. There was a lull in the child's poetic productiveness after this point in the Spring of 1815; but that similar transcripts of subsequent poems were added on paper of identical manufacture water-marked "1814" is certain, although we do not know positively their extent. Among these there are happily, beside the inevitable address to her father on his birthday, in which she takes occasion to congratulate him on extensive improvements at Hope End, four quatrains about some magnificent clock there.

LXIII

ON THE CLOCK PUT UP AT HOPE END—MAY, 1815

I] Hark what deep tone proceeds from yonder
Tower,
For tell-tale Echo's voice betrays the sound;
A Clock—the Minstrel of the passing hour,
While breathing Zephyrs gently sport
around.—

II] New is the note amidst these varied shades,
Sweet Nature's Songsters startle at the tone,
Cynthia appears and day's gay habit fades,
But still the Clock maintains its drowsy
moan.—

III] Oh! may its Warning never cease to bring
An useful lesson to our listening ear,
Whilst hoary Time is swiftly on the wing
To teach the value of each passing year.—

IV] To him who raised in Albion's rugged clime,
Constantinople's Minarets and dome
May rich rewards borne on the Wings of Time
For ever chain him to his lovely home!—

LXIV

ON PAPA'S BIRTHDAY: MAY 28TH, 1815

I] Hail dear Papa! I hail thy natal day—
The Muses speak my hidden thoughts of love;
That love is more than e'en the Muse can say—
That love shall reign, until we rise above.

II] Sweet Philomel enchanteth the listening grove
While Music's warblings twitter in her
throat—
By murmuring streams, mute silence roves,
Echo scarce dares repeat the Heavenly note.

III] 'T is thus these hills declare their bounteous
Sire

As on thy birth, to thee, His gifts they pay,
Sweet Philomella leads the tuneful choir
And all is joy to see this happy day.

IV] On thy fair birth the meadows smile
How brightly on this day the prospects rise!
May they all painful care beguile
And humble Sorrow as it flies!

V] The smile of hope illumines thy soul
Amidst these Vales, where Philomel doth
sing,
Where beauty reigns without control
Throughout His works, God's praises ring!

VI] These polished walls, raised by your tasteful
hand,
These smiling shrubs, these tangled walks and
hills,
These rising rocks, hewn by your active band,
And drooping flow'rets washed by murmuring
rills:

VII] These waters by your hand are taught to glide,
And wild ducks strain their soaring wing—
Far on the limpid wave they ride
While sweets the gathering zephyrs fling:

VIII] An useful farm now owns thy generous sway
And oxen fatten fast at thy command—
A pleasure comes with each untasted day
Thou reap'st the fruit, and nurstles all thy
land.

IX] Long may'st thou live, as on this happy day
Amidst thy smiling little Family
And may we, grateful, e'er thy cares repay
And play about, the shilling gallery¹!—

X] And may we ever bless this smiling home
And live united by a tender love
Secluded from that world where vices roam,
Then hand in hand, proceed to God above!
Your most affectionate child

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT

It is evident that Mr. Barrett had been bitten by the enthusiasm of his neighbor, Uvedale Price, of Foxley, an eminent veteran authority on the picturesque, on landscape gardening, on agriculture, and later on, as will be seen when we come to the work of Ba's teens and maturity, on classic prosody and pronunciation. He had been a friend and in-

¹ Probably this was the name given by the children to some particular part of the grounds—for instance, the Children's Garden (see *post*, p. 96). Observe the word *nurstles* again, this time with a *t* in it!—ED.

timate companion of Charles James Fox and most of the leading members of the Whig party—which perhaps accounts for the heat of his young friend Barrett in using the words, “rank sentiment of a Tory” quoted at page 84, *ante*. It was to Price that a greater than Barrett, no less a person than Sir Walter Scott, had been beholden when he laid out Abbotsford.

Immediately after this epistle—indeed, filling the page on which the last quatrain and signature occur—there is a small composition of July, 1815, written at Hope End.—

LXV

ON MORNING

The Orb of light returns—Aurora waves her hand
To her fair followers—sweetest Flora's band.

Her breath is like the odors of a rose,

She from her lips the fragrant zephyr blows,
Her pearly tears all trickling on the ground
While Echo's voice the neighbouring hills

resound. 6

The linnet chirps sweet welcome to the Morn,
While Ceres gathers in the golden corn,
And murmuring waters mingle in the strain 9
And joy to sing in fair Aurora's train—

She rolls her car, in Heavenly realms above
Where Angels ever sing their Maker's love: 12
Rest sylvan Muses, rest your early lay
And close your verse, in thankful, glad array!

The mixture of mythologies here is sufficiently striking to justify some of the author's criticisms of her childish self made in her celebrated biographical letter to Horne.

About this time prose was dividing with verse the attention of Ba. Here is another composition headed simply "Hope End, August 14th 1815."—

LXVI

Where can happiness be found? Is it in a palace? does it reside with riches? That is a false idea, and that is false happiness. Ye who mistake false for true happiness, listen to my humble efforts to give you a distinct idea on this subject so often trifled with.—To slumber away those hours which industry ought to occupy, to fly to the gaming table, or ale house, on that day ordained to prayer,—to shut your ear to the cry of the distressed—to cast industry from your reach—to pass this life in corrupt pleasures, and to draw imperceptibly towards

the realms of eternal misery, that is false happiness.

I will now give you a sketch of its Superior—To rise early and to let industry have a share in your time—to open your eyes, and your ear to the voice of the beggar,—to press humanity to your breast, and at the last, to ascend to Heaven, and to receive the reward of your labors—

This is true happiness—practise it, ye who trifle with it, and learn to value pure and perfect happiness!—

Dear Mama, take this for my sake,—

E. B. B.

An Answer—

The life at Hope End during the latter part of the year 1815 was interrupted by a visit to the Continent; and over nine pages of the quarto leaves are occupied by *Notes of a Trip to Paris*. These notes take us from the 17th of October to the middle of November; and their introduction here would interrupt too long the constructive narrative which the compositions of little Ba afford. Back at Hope End, the tiny poet's great heart goes out to her friend Summer; and on the wintry 16th of January, 1816, she gave vent to her longings in the following lines:—

LXVII

TO SUMMER

Fair Summer come—thy breath with perfumes
sweet

Scatters the rising odors at our feet,
Light Zephyrs frolic o'er the full-drest ground, 3
Save the sweet linnet there is heard no sound;
The silent Cattle graze on yonder hill,
Or oftentimes they lave within the warbling rill, 6
The startling hare, now led by hope or fear,
Dreams that the speckled hounds are watching
near,
And the lambkins with joy now frolic and play 9
And the fawn quickly flies in the sun's bright ray,
Then haste thee, sweet Summer, I long for thee,
For thy jocund pleasures to all are free. 12

Then, in February, 1816, she reinvoked the Muse,
or one of her Hope End Muses, for a definite pur-
pose, in the following eight undated lines formally
headed—

LXVIII

TO THE MUSE

Come forth my Muse, and tune the lyre so bright,
The darkest soul illume with purer light
And pour instruction o'er the embarrassed Mind
And Godly Virtue in the Wicked find:
Thus like the Sun who darts his brighter beam
And shines with awe, and lights the shadowed
realm;
So strike my muse! and through the gloomiest way
Shew Virtue's path and sing beneath her Sway.

On the recto of the same leaf appear under the incomplete date February, 1816, two heroic quatrains—

LXIX

ON POVERTY

I] What sounds are those that thrill with woe
the heart
And steal a tear from Pity's trembling cheek?
Aim not so hard, Oh Poverty, thy dart!
And not so rashly let thy weapons reek.

II] Open, Oh Charity, thy bounteous hand!
Softn the Sufferings of the tortured poor;
Blow out the flame of Vice's lifted brand;
To Virtue's bower shew out the golden door!

The foot of the page is filled by an explanatory note which reads thus:

“These and four following were written for the shop to be held in the Children’s Garden, the profits of which to be charitably used.”

The “four following,” of which two occupy the verso of the leaf and two the recto of another leaf, are *To Flora*, the unheaded quatrain “See that rock,” etc., *To Evening*, and *On a rose*, etc., here given in extenso. The page opening with *To Flora* has a date, February, 1816, specified in the top right-hand corner; and so has the page bearing *To Evening*.

LXX

TO FLORA

Sweet Virgin hail! the Muse thy praises sing.
Flora draw near—and flowery odours fling
Along thy perfumed path—the roses sweet 3
With flowery joy embrace thy snow-white feet.

The lovely lilly wears a darkened flush,
The lowly daisy colors to a blush—
And as when fair Aurora lends her Sway
Or when the change is made to night from day
Sweet joy still plays upon thy paths of flowers
And Muses sleep beneath thy fragrant bowers.
Then wake my Muse, and strike the lyre so
bright—
Illume my Soul with a Celestial light. 12

LXXI

See that rock which o'erlooks the turbulent deep,
A cottage it bears on its rough craggy steep;
Thus grandeur majestic, and awful to see
May wear in its breast sweet simplicity!

LXXII

TO EVENING

Hail Virgin Eve! I hail thee Queen of Night!
And varied spells that close the wearied sight,
Thou Friend of poets far from the shouts of folly, 3
Retreat of ever thoughtful Melancholy
While some are clothed in gaudy rich attire
The pensive Poet tunes the Heavenly lyre, 6

Or infant innocence enveloped sleeps,
Or poverty unknown, in misery weeps!
Stay, Man of Woe! and staunch the half-formed
 tears, 9
Remember that there 's One who ever hears,
Yes, call on Him, call on that blessed Lord,
By Him be guided,—peace be thy reward, 12
Oh! may He grant, I never may abuse
His loving kindness!—here let me pause to muse!

LXXIII

ON A ROSE PULLED ON A DEWY MORNING

The dewdrops fall—the Sun doth rise
When beauteous Rosa finds a prize,
A rose—it droops its lovely head—
Sheds pearly tears—and sinks as dead!
Fate 's fixed—and death's career 's began—
Weeping it yields its life to cruel Man!

The price asked for these six poems at the shop in the Children's Garden was three pence, or, say, a cent apiece. What the circulation amounted to we are probably not to know; but we can all imagine the good mother busy with her pen multiplying copies of her little daughter's work after the man-

ner of the scriveners employed by great poets who lived before the invention of printing.

The next piece is preserved and handed down to this present posterity on the back of the *Flora* and *Rose* scraps. It was written on the 4th of March, 1816.—

LXXIV

TO DEAREST HENRIETTA ON HER BIRTHDAY
AT BREAKFAST,
WITH WISHES FOR HER GOOD APPETITE

Hope End.

Come forth my Muse, from the dark shades of
night,

Haste to illume the lyre, with cheering light!

Thy penance ended, on this joyous day 3

Arouse from Silence, and invoke our play.

And thou awaker of the new-tuned lyre,

'T is thou who breath'st afresh Celestial fire— 6

Oh Henrietta! may to thee be given

Fair Truth and Virtue, riches ta'en from Heav'n.

May they subdue all trials that await, 9

And shed their lustre on thy happy fate!

Long may this little Circle smiling meet

In love and joy this happy day to greet! 12

A foot-note to line 3 explains the words "Thy penance ended" as "Alluding to the time which had elapsed during which she had written so little poetry."

Here is another invocation of the Muse in a more solemn strain. It is written on the same leaf as the opening of the next birthday address.

LXXV

Come forth thou blessed strain of poetry,
Sing not the praise of Mortals, but of God,
That God, who made both thee and me
And mighty nations governs with a nod.
Who formed those oaks, which lend their thickest
shade,
Those lofty sycamores, what power has made?
And these proud elms, which flowery juice afford?
Answer my Muse! 't is the Almighty Lord.

On the same recto page is the following fragment:—

LXXVI

- I] Look up that mountain's craggy steep,
See that proud mansion which o'erlooks the sea.
That seems to have an empire o'er the deep,
Its towers scarce shadowed, by the knitted¹ tree;
- II] The Lord and Lady were both good and mild,
They had a son, the heir to all their grounds,
But, disobedient, as the prospect wild
Rudely he sought his wishes, beyond bounds.

A note records "The remainder lost."

For this next domestic purpose the "Muse" invoked is Simplicity.

LXXVII

TO MY DEAREST PAPA—ON HIS BIRTHDAY

Oh brilliant glory, I invoke not thee,
Nor soar to please save by simplicity;
Wrapt in its truth, my Parent kind I see—3
Then come my Muse, with joy I call for thee

¹ This word is so written in the transcript; but it may possibly be a mistake for *knotted*.

From bowers of bliss!—Come strike Apollo's
lyre,
Mingle sweet blessings with celestial fire! 6
Hail Father dear! Who taught me virtuous
truth,
Who guid'st me, thro' the thorny way of youth,
Oh say my Muse! interpret in thy song 9
The praise of him who chides me when I 'm
wrong,
Whose judgment gentle, kind applause does give,
Wins grateful love while memory shall live. 12
Thy birth is welcomed by thy children's smiles—
This day so dear their every care beguiles—
And Oh may o'er thy head, God's blessing wave, 15
Long years of joy conduct thee to the grave!

But ah! my love 's beyond the Muse's art—
She cannot paint the feelings of my heart— 18
Then go, sweet poetry, go lovely spell,
My Muse, and Parent dear, *both* fare ye well!

E. B. B.

Notwithstanding this not very consequent renunciation, "The following on a slip of paper, tied with blue ribbon to a little nosegay, was," we are told, "laid on the breakfast table on the morning of the 28th of May 1816":

LXXVIII

Accept my gift! for love's sweet couch is flowers,
By Nature's hand strewn o'er life's fragrant
 bowers;
May *heart's ease* which thy child can give
Shed peace for thee, while thou shalt live!

How little could the child of ten foresee the unhealable breach that lay a quarter of a century ahead! But that day records a very important intellectual event; for, goes on the record,—“A Latin letter (the first ever attempted) accompanied the above, and on the back of it was [*sic*] written the following lines”:

LXXIX

May flowery gales, which waft this pledge of love,
Breathing affection from a heart sincere
To thee my fond attachment prove—
My love and verse accept, O Parent dear!

“The nosegay, principally composed of hearts-ease,” was, says the record, “the product of her own

little garden." The Latin letter is not forthcoming; but, that she wrote it, speaks volumes for her progress in those studies with Edward which had so much to do with the diminished output of verse, the next sample of which is to be found on the back of the leaf just drawn upon. The piece in question is headed—"In my Crib, June 6th," and entitled—

LXXX

THE CATHEDRAL

Nations awake! and homage pay
To God—and joyful, yield thy sway
To Him! thus prayed the holy Choir; 3
High swelled each bosom with religious fire;
With eyes upraised, with awe inspired,
All sat in silent thought retired— 6
As flies to Heaven the solemn Organ's song
Each heart reflects it; as it moves along
It heals the wound that poverty has shed, 9
It wipes the tear that's sprinkled o'er the dead;
Blithe youth is taught to love their only Lord
And age to hope for Virtue's true reward, 12
While Vice to sweet repentance soon is brought,
And the proud noble, soft submission taught—

And e'en the birds appear to join the choir
To pay a tribute to their Heavenly Sire.

15

Then come my Muse, adore religion sweet
Prostrate thyself before thy Maker's feet.

18

Did ever such another impression of a Cathedral service go forth from a child's "crib"? Whether the service was at Hereford or elsewhere, it is clear that music had great power over her; and it is not curious that the next petition to be allowed to go to a musical entertainment produced a negative result.

LXXXI

TO PAPA AND MAMA!

I hail thee, sweet Affection, love's abode,
The true and safest path to Virtue's God!
Then, Parents hail! both dear, both always
kind

3

Who plant, with care, my ever grateful mind,
But pleasure's golden beak molests the store
Of Truth,—which love would add to daily
more!

6

And as a hen that guards her chickens dear
Shrinks at the sight of the grim giant Fear,

Sees a huge hawk with pouncing talons rise 9
And bear her offspring to the vaulted skies,
Yet grant a little favor, Parents dear,
Tho' your refusal, I so greatly fear, 12
But if a hungry chicken wants to eat
The hen throws victuals close, before its feet.
Then let me to the Music Meeting go— 15
The pleasure it would give me none can know;
If you are troubled for my night's repose
Half of Bum's bed is open to my woes. 18
Then grant, I pray you, what I ask of you,
And cheered with hope, I fondly bid Adieu!—

The bottom margin has the sad record of three words, “The petition refused.” The lady with the elegant name, we met at Fenham Hall: see page 58, *ante*.

There is a tiny French composition headed “June 1816” and written at the top of a page on which she celebrates her brother Edward’s birthday. The French prose reads thus:

LXXXII

Soyez satisfaite, o génération d’Adam! Car d’ou avez vous le sustenance? On dit que vous l’avez de la Parente de Tout—de la Terre. Mais qui a

fait la Terre? Et qui a commandé à l'herbe de pousser? Cest le grand, le tout puissant Dieu. De quoi, donc, vous plaignez vous? Combien de vos Frères, au moment où vous jouissez de délices, sont affamés? Oh rendez graces à Dieu, pour les bontés qu'Il vous a montré, & tachez de l'imiter humblement en rendant les vôtres aux malheureux.

[TRANSLATION

Be content, O children of Adam! For whence have ye sustenance? It is said that ye have it from the Parent of All—from the Earth. But who hath made the Earth? And who hath commanded the grass to grow? It is the great, the almighty God. Wherefore, then, do ye murmur? How many of your brothers are hungry while ye enjoy delicacies? Oh, render thanks to God for the blessings which He hath given you, and try to imitate Him humbly by rendering kindness to the wretched.]

The Birthday verses for “Bro” are—

LXXXIII

TO MY DEAREST BROTHER EDWARD
(ON HIS BIRTHDAY)
HOPE END, JUNE 26, 1816

- I] Hail Brother dear! and hail this cherished day
Which on my life bestowed a gift so bright,
With joyful haste, I tune the lyre so gay
To praise thy virtues with sincere delight.
- II] Then come blest Truth, accompany my Song,
And let not flattery mingle in my verse,
For generous feelings to thy heart belong
And kindness, which love's lay may well
rehearse.
- III] But ne'er did powerful Rome spread more dismay
Than tattered book of harmless Latin dead,
Let fun conduct thee thro' this happy day—
Tomorrow, may Minerva shield thy head!

That ends our record of the summer of 1816; and we come next to a clear evidence of classical studies —both Homer and Virgil—in a short paragraph of English prose.

LXXXIV

MORNING—NOVEMBER, 1816

Night is past—Aurora with rosy fingers, draws back the veil which covers the Earth; at the same moment from those unremitting Spheres of light, Phoebus darts forth his fiery claws to illume the world which he will one day destroy—Behold the Earth—the oxen take again their yoke, which the Heavenly hand of Delia had removed, while the ploughboy with his long whip whistles and obliges Echo to relax her voice.—The haymakers sing at their work, while their children roll in the grass unmade; the dog sleeps at his master's feet, the mowers return to their work with renewed ardor while the farmer encourages the happy scene.—There behold Oh Man, the Sheep of thy enjoyment—let discontent trouble thee no more—but turn thy eyes, swimming with gratitude to Heaven, and praise thy Creator.—

It is not now as we read, and cannot ever have been as she lived and wrote, possible to foresee what this adorable little pedant will next be at; and we are not informed how “dear Papa and Mama” received the following fruit of her French studies. Probably it was connected with the coming Yuletide and its festivities at Hope End.

LXXXV

REGULUS

Tragédie—La Scène est à Rome

ACTEURS

SCÈNE PREMIÈRE: MARCIA, ORPHILLE

Orphille

Ne dites plus, et ne pleurez pas tant, Oh ma mère
Tant que vous soyez sûre, que J'aime mon Père
Vos larmes toujours coulent, et vous êtes mal-
heureuse,

Mais Orphille, n'est elle pas, aussi malheureuse
que vous?

Votre dessin est folle—Cherchez Régulus
Captif dans la Carthage! . . .

Marcia (fâchée)

N'en parlez plus,
Mon amour est fixée, et je suis résolue,
Si Régulus n'est pas mort, je le rendrai à la vie,

[TRANSLATION]

REGULUS

A Tragedy—The Scene is at Rome

ACTORS

<i>Marcia</i>	Henrietta Barrett.
<i>Orphilia</i>	Elizabeth Barrett.
<i>Regulus</i>	Edward Barrett.

SCENE THE FIRST: MARCIA, ORPHILIA

Orphilia

My mother, say no more; shed not another tear;
For well you know my Sire to me is very dear.
Your tears flow on apace and miserable are you;
But your Orphilia, Ah! is she not wretched too?
Your plan is madness—What? go look for Regulus
In Carthage captive? . . .

Marcia (angrily)

Let no more of this be said,
My love is firmly fixed, and my resolve is made;
If Regulus be not dead, I 'll bring him back
to life;

S'il va mourir! Eh bien, j'expire avec lui;
Quand le souhait de l'amour vous avez entendue
Y résisteras tu, quand ta mère te l'a défendue?

Orphille (en pleurant)
----- Hélas!

Marcia
Ne me répondez vous pas!

Orphille
---- Ah ma Mère!

Marcia (au desespoir)
Tu dois appeler ton Père!

Orphille (en tremblant)
Je t'ai offensée—

Marcia
Courage, Orphille, avancez!
--- Orphille!

Orphille
Qu'as tu dit?

Marcia
Ma fille!

If he 's about to die—well, so will I, his wife;
When love's own wish thou knowest, heeding
 what I say,
Wilt thou resist and thus thy mother disobey?

Orphilia (weeping)
. . . Alas!

Marcia
Do you not answer me?

Orphilia
. . . Ah my Mother!

Marcia (desperately)
Thou shouldst call thy Father!

Orphilia (trembling)
I have offended thee—

Marcia
Courage, Orphilia, advance!
. . . Orphilia!

Orphilia
What didst thou say?

Marcia
My daughter!

Orphille

Comment!

Marcia

Mon époux! mon époux!

(en sortant)

Comme je suis malheureuse!—

SCENE 2^D

Régulus (seul)

Qui suis-je? Autrefois un Général Romain
Maintenant esclave de Carthage, je souffre en
vain

Il faut que je pars avec les Embassadeurs
Je ne veux rester ici avec le déshonneur,
Mais qui est ce qui approche? Oh dieu, c'est
ma fille,
Il faut que je me cache, de l'imprudente
Orphille,
Oh ciel! C'est trop tard—

Orphille (en pleurant)

Etranger, qui êtes vous?

Orphilia

What is it!

Marcia

My husband! My husband!

(As she goes out)

How wretched I am!

SCENE THE SECOND

Regulus (alone)

What am I? In the past a Roman general brave,
In Carthage' hands today a vainly suffering
slave.

With the Ambassadors I needs must hence
depart;

Here I will not remain to feel dishonour's smart.
But who comes here? Ye Gods! Orphilia 's at
my side

From my imprudent daughter I myself must
hide—

Ah Heaven! it is too late—

Orphilia (weeping)

Say, stranger, who are you?

Régulus (en soupirant)
Je ne suis qu'un malheureux!

Orphille (en tremblant)
Votre voix!—elle touche à mon coeur!

Régulus (en se dérobant)
Mademoiselle!

Orphille (s'évanouissant)
Juste ciel, c'est mon Père!

Régulus (dans une agonie)
----- Hélas! Orphille!

Orphille (à genoux)
Bénissez donc, votre fille!

Régulus (en se détournant)
Je ne le puis! Je ne le puis!

Orphille (en lui regardant)
Tu ne le peux! Oh Dieux, suis je en vie?

Régulus (gravement)
Orphille, je viens ici avec les Embassadeurs
Je ne puis rester ici, qu'avec le déshonneur,

Regulus (sighing)

I am but one who is unfortunate.

Orphilia (trembling)

Your voice!—it pierces to my heart!

Regulus (throwing off his robe)

Ah Lady!

Orphilia (swooning)

Just Heaven, it is my Father!

Regulus (in an agony)

. . . Alas! Orphilia!

Orphilia (kneeling)

Then bless your daughter!

Regulus (turning away)

I cannot bless! I cannot bless!

Orphilia (looking at him)

Thou canst not bless? Oh Gods, do I still live?

Regulus (seriously)

Orphilia, with the ambassadors I hither came;
But here I cannot stay without incurring shame.

Je viens pour annoncer une fatale paix
Les Romains avec honneur, ne pouvent pas
l'accepter
Quand la paix sera décidée, je serai libre alors
Si autrement, d'être esclave de Carthage est
mon sort,
Il faut que je parle, pour qu'il soit décidé
Veux tu que je consens, et le fais signer?
Veux tu que je prenne, avec joie la douce liberté
Et consens d'être heureux au dépens de ma
patrie?

Orphille

De tout ceci mon Père, je ne puis rien défendre,
Je vous supplie à genoux, votre fille d'entendre,
Quand Régulus est parti, que feront les
Romains?

Esclaves de Carthage, ils perdront leur diadème,
Si son Epoux lui soit ravi, que fera ma Mère?
Et que deviendra Orphille, quand elle a perdue
son Père?

Nous deux serons malheureuses, ma mère aussi
que moi

Et il n'y a pour nous, que le fatal désespoir!
(Elle l'embrasse)

A fatal peace am I come here, my child, to proffer;
But not with honour can the Romans take the offer.
Peace once decided on, I shall be free again;
But otherwise a slave in Carthage must remain.
Naught will decided be till I declare my mind;
Wilt thou that I consent and let the peace be
 signed?
Wilt thou that I accept sweet freedom and go
 hence
Stooping to happiness gained at my land's
 expense?

Orphilia

Father, in what you say there 's naught I can
 deny
But deign to hear, I pray, your kneeling child's
 reply.
When Regulus is gone, what will the Romans do?
The slaves of Carthage, they their diadem lose
 too.
Her husband snatched from her, how will my
 mother fare?
What shall Orphilia be without a father's care?
Wretched shall we two be, mother and child as
 well;
And fatal black despair alone our souls shall quell.
 (She embraces him)

SCÈNE 3^{IÈME}: MARCIA, ORPHILLE, RÉGULUS

Marcia

Ma fille!— (Elle s'arrête) — Ah voilà votre Père!
(elle tombe)

Régulus (se hatant de partir)

----- Orphille, Adieu!

Orphille (presqu'évanouie)

Est ceci votre sort! Oh dieux!

(Regulus, se déchirant de ses bras, s'enfuit.)

Marcia

Orphille!

Orphille (en se jettant par terre)

Oh reçois ta Victime dans ton sein oh terre!
Laissez, la malheureuse Orphille, rejoindre son
Père!

(elle meurt)

Marcia (se jettant à coté de sa fille)

Oh comme je suis malheureuse!
Ma fille, ma fille! Mon Epoux!
Je sais—que j'expire et— (elle meurt).—

Fin.—

[120]

SCENE THE THIRD: MARCIA, ORPHILIA, REGULUS

Marcia

My daughter!— (She stops) Ah there is your
Father! (She falls)

Regulus (in haste to depart)

. . . Orphilia, farewell!

Orphilia (at point to swoon)

Is this your destiny? Oh Gods!

(Regulus, tearing himself from her arms, rushes away.)

Marcia

Orphilia!

Orphilia (throwing herself on the ground)

Oh, Earth, thy victim take and to thy bosom gather!
Let poor Orphilia's woes cease as she joins her
Father! (She dies)

Marcia (throwing herself beside her daughter)

Oh how wretched I am!
My daughter, my daughter! My husband!
I know—that I am dying and— (She dies)

End

[121]

If the Yuletide theory is correct, the program must have included a comic piece—some travesty of *Hamlet*; for the next of our records is an Epilogue spoken as well as written by the minute tragedian of *Regulus*, and containing a sly allusion to the attack made by Mr. Barrett on his eldest child's politics (see *ante*, page 84).

LXXXVI

AFTER THE FARCE OF HAMLET, THE EPILOGUE BY ELIZABETH

Messieurs et Mesdames, je souhaite finir notre
comédie

Avec un peu d'explication touchant ma tragédie;
J'ai voulu la faire, sur la conduite de *Regulus*
Qui me semble toujours aussi noble que généreuse.
Vous en devinerez peut-être que je ne suis pas *Tory*,
Et avouez Messieurs, que j'aime bien ma patrie,
Assurez vous que nous avons fait le mieux de vous
plaire

Que nous pourrions,—car nous soupirons à vous
satisfaire;

Et si heureusement nos efforts, vous daignez
approuver,

Croyez que les acteurs se trouveront bien payés.

[TRANSLATION

Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish to end our Comedy
With a small explanation touching my Tragedy;
Wherein I wished to treat the conduct of Regulus
Which always seems to me as noble as generous
From it you will divine perhaps that I 'm no *Tory*
And, Gentlemen, confess that well I love my
Country.

Be sure that, you to please, to do our best we 've
tried,
For, you to satisfy, right sorely have we sighed.
If happily you deign to approve the efforts we
have made,
Believe the actors one and all will think themselves
well paid.]

Happily there was another winter-bird to have a
birthday address before the turn of the year; and
with this one more invocation of her own English
Muse, she waves her tiny hand to us as the child-
poet disappears, to come back anon as a girl in her
teens.

LXXXVII

TO THE PET STORM, ON COMPLETING THE SECOND YEAR OF HIS HAPPY LIFE—HOPE END,
DECEMBER 28, 1816

My Muse come forth, and touch the Heavenly lyre,
Breathe the wild accent of Celestial fire,
Let rosy gladness celebrate this day—
Let joy o'er Winter's gloom, a vivid spark display!
And thou, the sweet inspirer of my lay,
May Virtue's choicest gifts beguile thy destined
Way!

May the great Source of good preserve thy life
And keep thy virtue ever free from strife!
Then from Minerva's lore, let 's haste away,
And think of naught but gladness and of play!

“Storm,” *si vera est fabula*, was the pet-name she herself gave to her brother Charles, so sweetly welcomed to the world in her address to her brother Samuel on his third birthday. See *ante*, page 80. He was destined to be, in the fulness of time, her eldest brother.

Nearly all the rest of the poems in this volume are given from the author's holograph manuscripts of varying degrees of finish. These have been fol-

lowed as closely as possible with due regard to the reader's comfort; but, since many are very little punctuated, an attempt has been made to supply such punctuation as she would herself have supplied if she had been preparing copies for the press. These holographs are in the handwriting of her early teens, which we know best through the manuscript of the *Glimpses* and several signed documents. Generally speaking, the precise order of production cannot be fixed; but within such narrow limits as the years between the cessation of the copy-book records and the completion of the *Glimpses* some time in her fifteenth year, precise chronology is not of much importance. The pieces doubtless belong to the time between the arrival of Mr. McSwiney on the scene and the departure of Edward Barrett for the Charterhouse. Serious and studious as the trend of the young girl's life was, it was by no means a sanctimonious life, or even one lacking in gaiety. It would be interesting to include a few of the lighter sallies of her muse, or rather of her several muses, as for instance a humorous poem of ninety-six lines recording adventures on a carriage journey from Hope End to Worthing in the summer of 1819, and a few lines in French verse on the same occasion, the present locality of which cannot be positively stated.

The first of these levities available here reads

much like a valentine written for her brother, or some other male friend or relative, to one Mary Maddox, of whom this deponent knows nothing from external sources:

LXXXVIII

I] Sweet is the perfume of apples and shaddocks,
Sweeter the breath of the Morning's fresh
dew;
But nothing is sweeter than sweet Mary
Maddox—
Oh! nothing could ever be sweeter than you.

II] There are lovers by dozens and valentines
plenty
Who (all gone stark mad) are expiring for
thee;
But examine them well and say out of twenty
If you 'd ever find one half so worthy as me!

III] Oh how can I speak of each daz[z]ling
perfection
Which allures me from Gloucester and brings
me so far?
But if of your Beaux you take me by selection
It will prove to the whole world how prudent
you are.

IV] The sun of your beauty! the moon of your
graces!

The last never can wane—the first never can
set—

Indeed in my day I 've seen many fine faces,
But I never saw one that pleased me so yet:

V] Then give me your hand and to church let us
jog;

Your father shall give me your dowry in
leather,

And your Merchant will give *you* a glass of
his grog—

By the bye if you like it we 'll drink it *together*.

There are several cancelled readings in the manuscript, of which one only has an artistic interest. The second line of the third quatrain originally stood thus:

Which when I think of you appears like a star.

This was of course rejected on account of the forced stress on “of” needed to get the rhythm right. As to posterity and the Gloucester riddle thus ruthlessly introduced,—well, posterity must put up with the agony of guessing it. About Mary Maddox there is something more to say; and we

are justified in saying we *know* it, because truth-speaking little Ba has written it down. It is in a series of thumb-nail portraits done to some extent in a spirit of fun, but partly in sweet and sober earnest,—portraits of the said Mary, of “Bro,” of “Ba” herself, of “Addles” (Henrietta), of their Papa, and of Mary Barrett, the laureate’s mother, the whole series being inscribed to the said Mrs. Barrett under the familiar style of “Mummy.”

LXXXIX

MARY MADDOX

Modest as fair, as unassuming, wise—
A lively maid appears before my eyes:
Reason and loveliness within her join—
You might imagine she was quite divine!
Mindful of all and ready e’er to please,
Airy her step, her graceful mien at ease!
Disdain ne’er sparkles in that eye so bright.
Domestic love created to delight!¹
On its soft blue where temper’s joys beguile
Xantippe’s self might gaze and learn to smile!

¹ There are two cancelled readings in the penultimate couplet, *of light for so bright*, and *Domestic joys* for *Domestic love*.

XC

BRO

Bountiful Nature here has done her part:
Rich in her varied stores and those of Art,
Oh for a thousand tongues to speak the virtues of
thy heart!

XCI

BA

Boast of such paragons tho' Nature doth,
A Girl is here superior to them both!

XCII

ADDLES

Amiable, gentle, even Envy says
Dumb must the cold tongue be that cannot praise;
Desiring to delight her only art,
Less fair in person than benign in heart,¹
Efforts are vain to paint her—tho' sincere—
She smiles so sweetly and she IS so dear!

¹ A cancelled reading of this line—

Lovely in face but more divine in heart—
shows clearly that Elizabeth did not think slightly of Henrietta's personal appearance.

XCIII

PAPA

“Prodigious,” says Dominie Sampson,
Amazed at some strange thing appearing;
Prodigious say I tho’ it damps one
Admiring when one can’t come near him!

XCIV

MARY BARRETT

My pen must linger oft in tracing here
A heart so gentle and a form so fair:
Responsive do I hear a voice breathe low
“Why strive to paint what all but ONE must know.”

XCV

MUMMY

May half thy merit gild my humble line,
Impatient then for fame I need not sigh,
Nor would unlaurelled Authorship be mine!
No! for oh! then my qualms and tremblings o'er,
The page would dazzle that has sent to sleep
before!

These are all written rather roughly on a little quarto leaf. It is not necessary to apologize for the airy chaff of the couplet on herself, a true word spoken like many another in jest. The tenderness of the lines to her sister and mother more than compensates us for the thinness of the banter.

The three years passed under the guidance of Mr. McSwiney were years of almost unalloyed joy for Elizabeth, for they were in the main devoted to the acquisition of foreign languages and the study of ancient and modern literature, in the society of that beloved brother Edward who counts for so much in some thirty and odd years of her life. The cultivation of familiarity with Homer, Virgil, Plato, Pindar, Anacreon, Dante, though pursued with that serious devotion which characterized all her intellectual and creative doings, by no means excluded the delightful gaiety which comes from thorough contentment with one's lot,—in her case a strenuous lot with vast ambitions for a background. Amongst the papers of this period which have been preserved are gamesome letters indited in French to Homer, Socrates, and Pindar; but even their lightness of mood does not disguise the seriousness of the girl's underlying convictions. When she writes from the Earth ("De la Terre, 1820") to her dear Homer ("Mon cher Homère") she assures him how much better she loves him

than she does Virgil, and expresses the hope that Master Mercury will deliver her letter faithfully albeit addressed to the bard of her idolatry at the Elysian Fields, near the Palace of Pluto, in the Lower World; and to her dear Socrates ("Mon cher Socrate") she avows the desire for frequent interviews when her turn comes to visit the lower world ("quand je viens dans l'enfer").

An extant letter written in Latin to her brother Edward bears the signature "Tua Soror dilectissima," and is addressed—

Puero eruditissimo et elegantissimo Bro,
a manu stultissimi Sam
de puella impudentissima.

Then there are some curious couplets from which a few are extracted by way of sample of a very light mood. The title is—

XCVI

BRO'S LAMENT OVER A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF

Homer strike up the fall of sacred Troy,
Let Virgil gaily with Eneas toy,
Let Milton to old Beelzebub be civil!
Strive (not in vain) to immortalize the Devil;

For me I cannot soar so high or low,
But keep a middle course and say—with Bro—
My buckram goddess, as she bids me tell,
Feels no great innate penchant yet for Hell,
And as for Heaven, for that she is not fitted,
And experts say stiff stays are not admitted.

Whether the almost ribald allusions to Heaven and Hell have any connection with the study of Dante, who shall say; but this is certain, that about that time she rendered the opening of the *Commedia* thus:

XCVII

TRANSLATION FROM DANTE

INFERNO, LINES 1 TO 27

In the mid journey of our road of life
From beaten way I turned an erring foot
And found a darksome forest, blackening round! 3
How hard to tell the inexpressive dread
Of that lone wood savage and rough and steep
Which even in thought recalls a shuddering fear: 6
Death hardly passes it in bitterness
But to relate the good I met with there
My voice must breathe of other darker things: 9
How to that place I strayed I cannot tell

For in the instant that my steps forsook
The path of truth my senses were asleep! 12
But soon a mountain rose before my sight
And formed a termination to the vale
That erst had palsied all my heart with fear. 15
I looked on high and saw its brow sublime
Crowned with the rays of that resplendant Sun
Which lights the trav'lers steps thro every road. 18
And then the fear that cast a dismal weight
During the night I passed in so much woe,
Within my bosom was a little hushed. 21
And as the half drowned wretch, with gasping
breath,
Escaped from roaring waves to rocky shore
Turns to the seas of yawning Death, to gaze— 24
Even thus my soul oft still sustained her flight
Turned back to look upon the awful path
That living wight had never left before. 27

The single leaf of foolscap paper on which this translation is written is water-marked “1819”; and the handwriting is identical with other examples associable with her early teens, a small, ladylike, running hand. The blank verse is free and somewhat notable; and the translation, very conscientiously done, was scrupulously revised. The superseded readings are distinctly interesting: they are as follows: (2) *the true* for *beaten*, (4) *difficult*

for *hard*, (11) *For when my steps forsook*, (14) *made for formed*, (16) *head for brow*, (18) *That for Which*, (20) the whole line is interpolated, (21) *In my cold for Within my*, (23) *yawning for roaring*, (24) alternative reading, *disappointed gulf for seas of yawning Death*, (25) *was still sustained in flight for oft still sustained her flight*, (27) *foot and then man for wight*. It is necessary to follow our poet not only from gay to grave, but also back again to gay; for to this period belongs an—

XCVIII

IMPROPTU ON A CANDLESTICK

A Candlestick? the theme is by itself
Dark, and requires elucidating light:
Dark did I say? (ah what a silly elf!)
It is Rebecca's fault if 't is not bright.

Then we go back to the prevalent grave mood once more. The following lines addressed to Hope are less regenerate in the matter of grammar than they would have been if the little author had given them "a final hand"; but they are interesting in theme and have a technical value in the trace of Gray's

Odes afforded by the short ninth line. They are signed and dated—"E. B. Barrett, Feb. 8th"—the year being unspecified.

XCIX

Celestial Hope thy healing dews
And comfort o'er my soul diffuse! 3
Thou who hosts to battle leads
And cheers the hero while he bleeds,
Celestial Hope, unconquered Maid,
Immortal power—the poet's aid, 6
With thee his Reasoned thought[s] aspire,
'T is thine his boiling breast to inspire
And strike the deep-toned lyre. 9
With thee the Statesman soars for fame,
With thee he strives to crown his name,
'T is thine where'er the Pilgrims roam 12
To lead them to their destined home;
And as in burning climes they stray
Thou chases sorrow far away, 15
There recompense assured is given
And cheers them with the hopes of Heaven;
And when the miscreant seeks his God 18
In mercy then art thou bestowed;
Thou bids religion's dictates roll
And opens Heaven upon his soul— 21

Then, Hope, where'er my footsteps stray
Still may thy peace beguile my way
Where'er I roam, where'er I rest
Be thou my guide, my friend, my guest.

24

It was in the eventful year 1820, when the little lady was fourteen years old, that that “guide, friend, and guest” underwent a sore trial of a political kind, as we have seen in the *Glimpses*. The treatment of Caroline of Brunswick exercised her mind greatly; and it seems probable that an *extempore* song called *A Vision* arose from the public events of that year; though it must not for a moment be supposed that, in identifying the queen’s cause with Liberty, she knew or believed the extent to which Her Majesty had forfeited that best title to public sympathy and support, an unassailably blameless life.

C

A VISION (EXTEMPORE)

I] A Sound came thro th’ oershading trees
Like the voice of a Peri banished from
Heaven
Or like the sweet tones of the musical breeze
Or the triumph of angels o’er mortals forgiven.

II] It floated soft on the silent air,
Then swelled beneath that dark blue sky;
'T was as if a seraph of light was there
And breathed a low sweet gentle sigh!—

III] "Spirit of freedom, and art thou fled,
Fled and gone from Albion's shore?
Liberty, art thou mute or dead,
And shall I hear thy voice no more?"

IV] Yes! Freedom hath breathed her last last sigh,
She shall breathe no more! No, never! never—
The echoes of her loved voice die
On the sea-dashed cliffs for ever and ever!—

V] My country!—Oh, burst my indignant soul—
I 'll weep thy mem'ry liberty;
My sighs shall pass over those waves as they
roll,
And I will die, my country, with thee!—

There is a curious circumstance connected with the production of this poem. It was written on a roughly torn-off portion of a quarto leaf, on the back of which appear the two irregular lines,

Musa potest mulgere sono dulcedine mentem
Flectere et scopulos nodosam torquere quercum.

The paper, having been afterwards folded in twelve, was humorously addressed to the writer's self, thus—

MISS BA BARRETT
Nonsense Hall
Ridiculosityshire—

and there are signs of one end of the long strip formed by folding in four having been tucked into the other end; also there are traces of sealing-wax, as though she wanted to keep the song to herself and make sure that, if left about accidentally, it should reach her hands again uninspected.

The reasons for this little bit of secretiveness are not far to seek. The extempore song itself does not do much credit even to the political "muse" of that date; and she would not be anxious to show it. On the other hand, the Latin verses are so unskilled that they certainly cannot be credited to any writer of classical repute and look like a maltreated reminiscence of three lines in the Fourth Georgic (508-10) which she did not want Mr. McSwiney to see—knowing that she had somehow got her conjugations mixed and leaving it difficult to determine whether she was aiming at two hexameters or a hexameter and a pentameter.

A great name is called up by a prose fragment on half a quarto sheet of paper water-marked 1813,

torn from the other half in the middle of a word. It appears to belong to a comparison between Man and the lower animals, and might be part of a letter to her beloved Uncle Sam.

CI

. . . [Hea]venly bodies under the fostering sway of a Newton! We alone have discovered the central attractions of the whole world! We alone have dived into the haughty billows of the ocean! We alone have by the aid of Science penetrated the bowels of the earth and have with the lights of Chemistry discov[er]ed the properties of matter! And we alone have the promise of immortality and the participation of the joys of Heaven!

ELIZABETH. October 16th, 1819.

The line of thought brings to our recollection that part of the Fourth Act of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* in which occur the sublime lines,

heaven's utmost deep

Gives up her stars, and like a flock of sheep
They pass before his eye, are numbered, and roll on!

The tempest is his steed, he strides the air;
And the abyss shouts from her depth laid bare,
Heaven, hast thou secrets? Man unveils me; I
have none.

But it is very improbable that this was the source of her inspiration, which is more likely to have been something of Locke's.

On another leaf of quarto paper, in the handwriting of her early teens, is a poem from which the title or heading has been torn, and with it the last line but three, on the verso. The composition is fully signed "E B Barrett":

CII

- I] My Child!! my hope and art thou dead . . .
Sweet Solace of thy father's care? . . .
Oh has thy youthful spirit fled
And left a Parent to despair?
Doth death that innocent . . pure soul
sever—
So soon . . . and . . . oh my God! for ever?—
- II] Oh little deemed I when I gazed
Upon that soft that blushing cheek

That eye in playful sweetness raised
Where all the opening feelings speak
That THAT loved form . . *that* beautiful brow
Should be so cold . . so silent . . now!——

III] So soon . . so soon . . in childhood even
When all that loveliness was blushing . . .
Such innocence . . almost divine ----
Be still my bursting heart! tis Heaven—
'T were sin—'t were madness to repine—
And yet I feel my whole soul rushing—

IV] The pang is past . . no more—no more—
Oh it was torture—but—tis o'er—!
* * * * * * *
And curb the listless agony!
Then bid him bow before the rod
And yield that cherished one to . . God—

There is a point of some interest wheron the boy whom his brilliant and loving sister once, as we have seen, described playfully as *stultissimus Sam* gives us unwittingly a little assistance: the records do not make absolutely clear how long her “great Epic of eleven or twelve years old,” as she called *The Battle of Marathon* in 1843, was in gestation, how long in going through the press, and whether it first really saw the light as a printed

book in 1819 or in 1820. The dedication was written at Hope End in 1819 on a day unspecified; but the title-page bears the date 1820, as it very well might even if out of the binder's hands before the turn of the year. Sam was born on the 13th of January, 1812, if we may trust implicitly the headings of birthday odes addressed to him by the poet laureate of Hope End. It is in an ode proper to the 13th of January in some year that the authoress of *The Battle of Marathon* formally returns to lyric strains, and takes farewell of her epic adventure; and it is natural to suppose that the year was 1820. The ode shows traces of Gray and is suggestive of Pindaric studies in the middle part; but let the reader judge of the value of these *data* in fixing the year of the book's actual appearance.

CIII

A BIRTHDAY ODE TO HER BROTHER SAM

Again, Euterpe, and again
Rouse the accustomed strain—
Wake every Muse whose fairy shadow strays 3
 Near purest Helicon's benignant waters,
And bid them each confine their various lays
 And dream no more of battles and of
 slaughters; 6

And those on sunny glades midst flowers reclining
For mortal pangs in heavenly pity weeping,
With myrtle bands their floating locks confining, 9
Those pensive musing and these softly sleeping.

Now with thy magic numbers
Awake them from their slumbers 12
Euterpe! now their souls inspire—
Now strike the deep-toned lyre!
With one accord they rise, they spring, 15
They seize each warbling lute—
E'en Echo lingers while they sing
And Heaven and Nature 's mute! 18

Then hail, dear Sam! we strive once more
For thee our strains to raise:
May Heaven have gifts and joys in store 21
To gild thy coming days.
And may each wish thy heart declares
That might to man be given 24
Be granted to our suppliant prayers
(Whate'er it be) by Heaven.
May every joy that mortals own 27
Prolong thy destined years
And may thy life be still unknown
To sorrow and to tears. 30

Alas! poor Sam's years were not unduly extended. The gods released him long before his sister had conquered her great fame; and though he cannot be said to have "died young" in the strictest sense of the words, he died, if we may trust Parish's *List of Carthusians* (1879), in 1842, at Jamaica. Parish by the by gives the date of Edward's death as 1839, which is not the date recorded by better authorities; and the Charterhouse register of admissions records his birth as having taken place on the 28th of June, 1807, whereas his sister considered his birthday to be the 26th of June. Although the said List of Admissions gives the year 1820 and the School Register specifies the 5th of April as the date of Edward's admission, it does not necessarily follow that he passed from Hope End to the Charterhouse on that day; and it might be that he took up his admission a few weeks later; but the question is only of interest on account of the *Glimpses* making his departure synchronize approximately with Queen Caroline's trial. Whether he left Hope End in the spring or in the summer, the loss to his sister was the same; and it is not to be doubted that the verses in which she recorded her "anguish" at the separation were thrown off at the moment, so to speak. As poetry, they are not in the best style of her "fourteeners"; but, committed to paper as they were in the overmastering need to

ease her heart, they are terribly real and earnest; and they were but slightly amended as the composition proceeded. The page was not headed in the first instance, but was afterwards marked rather untidily (in the right-hand top corner) with the words now forming the title.

CIV

WRITTEN IN THE ANGUISH OF BIDDING FAREWELL TO MY BELOVED BRO—

It must be so! farewell! farewell!
And we the last fond look have taken.
But yet this foolish heart will swell, 3
Of that loved smile bereft, forsaken!—
A laugh may mask the bursting sorrow,
The tear which flows in silence down, 6
The sigh which fears the approaching morrow,
So still, so desolate, so lone;
For he who made it glad alas is gone! 9
And is he gone? the brother, Mentor, friend,
The cherished partner of my innocent youth?
Thus do the dreams of shadowy pleasures
end?— 12

Oh where is he, wont all my cares to soothe,
To check the listless pang or falling tear

He loved so fondly and so dearly, 15
So tenderly and so sincerely—
He is not here!—
Oh how can vulgar bosoms see 18
That purest tie 'bove Man's controul
Which binds this trusting breast to thee
Heart to heart and soul to soul!— 21
Sweet was that dream, but it has faded—
That loveliest vision now has past—
The young soft eyes of Hope are shaded— 24
They were too bright to last!
They were too bright, too sweet, and yet
Tis hard, my Bro, to part from thee!— 27
Tis hard such pure bliss to forget!—
A sunbeam on a stormy sea!—
The Dream has faded—it is o'er 30
Oh blest that sleep, and curst that waking!—
Be still my pen—no more! no more!—
The cup is full . . . My heart is breaking . . . 33

Of this pathetic effusion, as of many in the present work, more than one copy exists; but what was obviously the original manuscript was secured by Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co. of 43 Piccadilly, London, who catalogued it as a poem on Edward Moulton-Barrett's death! It shows several alterations, but in its final form differs but little from the copy here followed.

How soon this sweetest of sisters was able to compel her wondrous energies into their normal channel of imagination and artistic production cannot be stated; but the Queen's case may be supposed to have reasserted its dominion over her before very long. Of an imaginary address to his constituents by an imaginary Member of Parliament the reader must be content with a few extracts:

CV

"Though I am unable to swell into the sublime standard of Ciceronian eloquence, yet I feel convinced that on the present occasion, when every honest heart swells at his country's wrongs, you will not disdain to lend your attention to one whose only shield from the charge of presumption is that glorious declaration that 'England expects every man to do his Duty.' . . . We are assembled to save our native land from the scorn of foreign nations . . . those glorious rights those sacred liberties which were once the admiration of the world . . . honour, morality has been vitally tainted by the filthy slime of Italian reptiles; when we consider that our Government which might have rivalled the laurelled glories of Imperial Rome has stooped to calumniate a helpless, high-minded woman and that woman the Queen of England . . .

The liberty, the rights of my native land, totters on the awful precipice of destruction, and if on the sacred soil of Britain there breathes a man base enough not to be ready to exert every mental energy, every corporeal energy in Britain's cause, that man is well worthy of his country's degradation and of his country's contempt."

If this were all that Queen Caroline did by way of inspiring the poet laureate of Hope End, there would not be much to thank Her Majesty for so far as this book is concerned. But there is solid evidence that the Queen's troubles and her own deeply deplored loss of her brother's companionship, inspired the young poetess to force an entrance into the sacred precincts of poetic drama; and she left us a dramatic scene of nearly two hundred lines of blank verse full of feeling and perception of the agonies of parting—this time between mother and daughter. In this opening of a historical drama, the point of time chosen is the eve of the Queen's departure from England in the year 1817, when the Princess Charlotte was the wife of Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg and was herself "in that interesting condition which blessed is he as has his quiver full of 'em." That the succession ostensibly secured was unexpectedly defrauded by Death of two heirs in November 1817, when the Princess died after giv-

ing birth to a dead baby, was of course well known to the Hope End laureate when writing in 1820 the touching and delicately woven scene in which she gives vent dramatically to her own feelings. This scene is freely written on two quarto sheets of paper. The revision in course of composition was not very extensive, as the foot-notes will show.

CVI

[PRINCESS CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK AND HER DAUGHTER]

Scene opens in drawing room—Princess in Tears

Young P[rincess] Charlotte

Oh! why so sad when all around is mirth—
When Britain glories in her future Queen?
Nay chase that truant tear from off thy cheek! 3
Hark to the trump! Hark to the ceaseless shouts
Of freedom's friends your innocence proclaim!
Oh think not now of woe when Truth triumphant 6
Welcomes sweet liberty and smiling joy!—

Car[oline]

Alas! Alas!

Ch[arlotte]

Nay, Mother, mourn not thus . . .
Is this your boasted pride? your loftiness? 9

This the magnanimous soul with which you bore
Grief unexampled? persecution?—insult?—
Oh I have seen thee smile superior 12
When falsehood marked thee!—I have seen thee
spurn,
Spurn with th' indignant strength of outraged
virtue,
The forgēd filth of wilful perjury!— 15
And now, nay now, when persecution frowns
No longer! When the generous smile of Justice
Hath given thee fame, thou weepest— 18
My royal Parent is this like thyself?—

[*Caroline*]

Child! Daughter, hear me! hear me—I must
wring
That young sweet heart even unto agony— 21
My pangs are nought! my star is misery
And my nativity was fraught with sadness—
Grief ushered me into the world and anguish 24
Was my instructress!— I never when an infant
Sighed, wept [and] moaned as other children do,
But smiled when chided—'t was a bitter smile 27
And yet it was a smile!— My Mother often—

(12-13) *you for thee*

(26) I never wept as other children weep

My Mother, Charlotte . . . I too had a
Mother—

A kind fond anxious and beloved Mother—
But she is gone—gone—and the silent tomb
Damp cold and comfortless enshrouds her
form—

But to my tale— My Mother often told me
That I was marked for misery—she had watched
At my nativity a blood red star
Start from the dark blue Heaven—it traversed
on

Amidst the azure deep—two others joined it,
But they soon faded—! And then it was left
So sad so desolately lone to trace
Its solitary path—! At last it sank—!
And so must be my life—! My honored king . . .
My daughter! ————— Do not weep—
This heart will burst—I cannot say adieu.

[*Charlotte*]

Merciful Heaven, my Mother!

[*Caroline*]

I must leave thee . . .
Think of me sometimes, Charlotte! . . I must
pass

(31) My Mother . . I could doat upon that name—
But she is gone—gone—gone . .

(39) So lonely

That terrible ocean. I must leave my country,
I know not if for ever . . .

[*Charlotte*]

For ever?—

[*Caroline*]

Oh cling not to me so, my child— They say— 48
I know not why or wherefore—that my presence
Excites rebellious spirits! 'T is a sacrifice
To fly my own loved land—but this one draft— 51
This cup of bitterness is drenched. . No,
no . .

Mine is not a weak soul to shrink from anguish,
And I will meet it with a smiling face . . . 54
This is a heart which will not bend but break.
Oh anguish . .

[*Charlotte*]

And wilt thou see this, Heaven,
Nor launch the ireful blazing thunderbolt 57
Upon the perjured throng?—Is there no hope—
No hope, no happiness but in despair?—
And are those skies of azure too unjust?— 60
They are—they are, for they have left the desolate,
The weak, the persecuted, unavenged—

(52) *full for drenched.*

(56-7) And wilt thou see this, Heaven, unmoved, unfired,
By rage

[*Caroline*]

If thou would[st] add one drop of bitterness 63
More galling, unforeseen, untasted yet—
My own loved Daughter, if thou wouldst do so,
Then wrong the powers above—Oh Charlotte,
Charlotte, 66
Was it for this I nurtured thy young mind,
Tuned thy young lisping accents—smiled and
sang—
That I might see thee smile—when on my brow 69
The damp cold sweat of silent agony
Turned every tear to gall— Was it for this
I loved thee, so—? To hear thee thus
blaspheme 72
The Heavens merciful! My child my only hope,
Thou might[st] have spared me this—

[*Charlotte*]

Nay, do not chide me—
I am too weak—I am too much a woman 75
You are above me— I can only gaze
Upon that flashing eye that placid brow
And wonder—! Oh my princess— Oh my
Mother! 78

(64) *Untasted* for *More galling*

(70) *cold cold* for *damp cold*

(73) *The Heavens above us* for *The Heavens merciful*

(77) *and* for *that*

[*Caroline*]

We yet shall meet again!—

[*Charlotte*]

Never, no! never—

I feel it in my heart—and in my ears
A spirit unseen and motionless seems to
breathe . . .

81

Never, never . . . never . . . never . . . never —
And never is eternity— Oh Break

Break—Break, my heart—I 'm wearied of this
life.

84

[*Caroline*]

Nay Charlotte—this excess of grief is idle.
I shall return—and we shall yet be happy.

[*Charlotte*]

Nay do not chide me— I am roused, quite
roused . . .

87

Will you go now?— I 'll smile and say adieu—
Let me put back my hair— Don't leave me yet,
But hear me first a word—this throbbing thing 90
Will burst before you cross the dark blue ocean
And then I shall be well—peaceful and happy—
(83) And never is eternity— Oh Break, my heart

Cold in the grave—the sweet low breeze will
breathe

93

My last sigh in my Mother's ears! And so
You [wi]ll return— I know, I feel you will,
To drop one tear on my tomb— You won't
forget?

96

[*Caroline*]

Child, Daughter, be a Princess—be your-
self . . .

Is this your fortitude . . . is this your
greatness . . .

Is this th' undaunted spirit which might rival
Elizabeth, the glory of our land—?

99

Am I the only, only cherished object—
Have you no husband—Charlotte—has that
name

102

Lost all its dearest charms? Have you no
father?

Breathe you not in your own loved land, my
child?

For me—weep not for me my gentle love—
There is a God above us. He will not suffer
The sigh of the unhappy rise unheard.

105

Oh there is justice there and in those spheres
Of beautiful azure there is soft compassion—

108

(104) Nay—nay, my daughter, you must not despair
When night . . .

[156]

The desolate cannot lift their arms in vain
Towards the etherial vault of purity— 111
Oh no—no, no—let the remorseless wind
Waft my unpitying bark from these dear shores,
Let persecution fan the gale and hatred 114
Embitter my farewell— Yet, oh my Charlotte,
The sweet soft dews of blessed consolation
Shall not be asked in vain—there is within me, 117
Even in this bursting lone and trustless heart,
The spirit of peace—calm, quiet as that Heaven,
Its own pure mansion— It tells me, Charlotte, 120
That not th' envenomed shaft of persecution,
Not the pestilential breath of malice,
Not the wiles of hatred or the guile, 123
The foul abuse of wilful perjury,
Can rob this poor breast of that blessed calm,
Conscience. Oh how can persecution's power 126
Degrade the innocent upright mind and pure,
Or rob the soul of its own native greatness?
No. No. No. No—even I am above them— 129
Yes, they may rend my heart with bitter pangs,
Torture my flesh and agonize my nerves,
Tear every sinew— I can mount superior. 132
Duty, oh Duty—tis the cherished tie
Which binds the sorrowing soul unto the world . .

(121) *breath for shaft*

(125) Can rob this breast of that delicious calm

(134) Which binds the quivering spirit to the flesh

It is the glorious star which guides us on 135

And fires our drooping souls—it raises us

Above ourselves—above humanity—

And on the wounded and the grief-wrung

And on the wounded and the grieved wrung
spirit

It drops celestial dews and soft distilleth

It drops celestial dews and soft distills
The gentle mists of mental fortitude!—

The gentle mists of mental fortitude!—
This bliss is mine. My Charlotte, I must pass.

This bliss is mine— My Charlotte, I must pass
These light blue depths of ocean— my frail bark

Those light blue depths of ocean—my Hall
Must dip its dark side in the rippling waves.

Must dip its dark side in the rippling waves
Once more... Once more... and I perchance

Once more— Once more—and I perchance
MAY WISH

Woe when these dear ones vanish from our sight.

Weep when these dear shores vanish from my sight.

sight;
Baptized; ill; 1 11

But they will be proud tears—sweet healing

drops

Save when I think of thee my only hope . . . 147

Farewell— Farewell— Oh—

[Charlotte]

Thou art too dazzling for me,

Angel of Virtue—glory of thy sex—

Even thou—thou shalt not blush to call me

daughter . . 150

I will not sink—I am an Englishwoman . .

(142) *dark* for *light*

(143) Will for Mus

(144) *perhaps* for *per*

卷之八

There is a fresh-sprung vigour in this breast
Which shall not stoop to shame or
degradation.—

153

Thou shalt return magnanimous Princess . . .

Thou shalt return in glory—but 't will be
When I am cold i' the grave—we yet shall

meet—

156

But 't will be in those azure plains of light—

'T will be when we have changed this outward
flesh

For an aerial pure and spotless spirit . . .

159

There persecution shall not reach thee—there

Sweet innocence may smile nor fear the taunts

Of Perjury.— Till then, Adieu, Adieu—

162

[*Caroline*]

My own— My Princess, Oh my dearest child
Think of me sometimes, let not the harsh words
Of hatred on thy gentle heart prevail—

165

[*Charlotte*]

Oh spare me this my mother, spare me this—
Remember thee— Oh if this guilty heart
Should ever 'gainst thy memory prevail,

168

(163-4) In the MS., by obvious oversight, *Mother* is written
and altered to *Princess* and *my for me*.

[159]

When this be so, may that avenging Heaven
Strike me to earth, frail sinful weak foul dust.
Remember thee—Instructress, Parent, friend— 171
Oh while this heart yet beats—while yet this
breast
Throbs with the life you gave—while yet I
breathe—
While yet these heavy eyes may weeping gaze 174
On that blue Canopy which is above us
And on those frowning bleak and stormy seas,
While yet these trembling limbs have strength
to bend
To supplicate the justice of those Heavens,
I will adore, love, and remember thee— 177

[*Caroline*]

And I believe thee— My own hope, my
child . . . 180
Farewell— Farewell—

[*Charlotte*]

For ever and for ever—
If there is bitterness to equal this,
If there is agony to rival this— 183

(171) *Mother for Parent*
(174) *poor for heavy*
(179) *thee for love*

Then burst my heart—for earth is nought to
thee—

[*Caroline*]

The only consolation given by fate,
By that yet merciful yet reproving Heaven, 186
Is far away— My Charlotte—she is here;
And I—I go to cross the dark blue sea,
Th' abused—the desolate—but yet the *free*. 189

END OF THE FIRST SCENE.

Lines 185 to 187 seem to indicate that the young tragedian had some knowledge of Caroline's endeavors to find consolation away from the court of her hating and hateful husband; and it may be that she came to see how unfitted for the high needs of tragedy the developments of the final three or four years in the Queen's life were. It seems highly probable that this is all that was written of the projected drama. In the same summer that produced this dramatic scene among the Malvern Hills, the same public events (mingled with the grunting of a lot of swine during the reading of a certain magnificent *Ode to Liberty* at the Baths of San Giuliano, under the blue sky of Italy) inspired Shelley to compose that riotous but astounding

(189) The Princess—the abused—the desolate.

sham tragedy *OEdipus Tyrannus; or Swellfoot the Tyrant*. Perhaps the young girl at Hope End had seen further into the outraged humanities of the wretched domestic entanglements of George IV. and Queen Caroline than Shelley had taken the pains to do when he wrote that work and contemptuously expressed the wish (in a letter to Medwin) that "the King and the Queen like Punch and his wife would fight out their disputes in person." It does not seem likely that Elizabeth Barrett had any conception that another of the destined immortals was taking up a position so wholly opposed to her own in this matter; for although *Swellfoot the Tyrant* was published and suppressed that very year, she can scarcely have met with one of the seven or eight copies that escaped the holocaust. But a greater than Shelley was indubitably implicated in this chapter of English literary history. It was from Shakespeare that the girl-poet got the technical lessons which enabled her to do her historiography with such telling and creditable dignity in the blank verse; and the curious will note with interest how she actually altered her last line so as to conclude a fine scene, *more Shakespeariano*, with a notable couplet,—emphasizing her whole essay in historic drama as another *Ode to Liberty*, though without the magical lyric touch.

APPENDIX

NOTES ON A TRIP TO PARIS
OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1815

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NOTES ON A TRIP TO PARIS OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER, 1815

[BY ELIZABETH B. BARRETT]

I WAS very much delighted when I set off for France, and have never repented my resolution to go— We left London at about five o'clock on Tuesday Evening Octr. 17th. I sat quite still and contented listening to Papa's and Mr. Wyatt's discourse which pleased me much, as Mr. W. told some very entertaining Anecdotes. I then fell into a sound sleep, 'till we arrived at Rochester—the next morning we proceeded to Dover— We were very much struck on entering that extensive harbour, with the Castle, pile upon pile, heaped on chalky rocks which tell the passing stranger it is England,—England the only asylum for the forlorn and the helpless!— We now found that we were only just in time for the packet. We were very sick, even Mama complained. As soon as we came near the shore men with bare legs, looking

more like monkeys than men, carried us to land. We went up a ladder to a pier which led to the town of Calais, where at Monsr. Quillac's fine hotel we eat [*sic for ate*] sauce piquante, and went to comfortable beds in handsome rooms. As soon as Aurora had thrown off the veil which covered the earth, we arose, and looking out of the window were much amused with the postillion's great boots, and their thin half starved and plough tired horses, with rope harness, and nearly died with laughing at the nodding Cabriolet, and the slow motion of the horses, as they dragged it out of the yard— We had a bad breakfast, and setting off at ten o'clock, passed Buisson, and at Boulogne had a capital dinner and clean beds, at Mrs. Packer's Hotel. We slept soundly, and proceeded by Samer [?] and Cormont and Montreuil where we saw a Cathedral and Nunnery, in the hospital of which, the Mother of the poor little boy our conductor, was dying. As soon as we had given way to the dictates of appetite, we resumed our travels, thro' Nampont and Nourron to Abbeville. Here I must pause to give some account of this delightful place. Notwithstanding the beauty of the town and magnificent appearance of L'Hotel de l'Europe, the dishes alone were enough to tempt any one from America to eat them; the wine too was without exception the most delicious I had drunk

in France. After Papa had said "encore" to the first bottle we retired. As soon as night had withdrawn her claim, we departed. At Amiens we stopped to admire a very handsome Cathedral. Passing Hebecourt [?] and Ilers [?], we meant to sleep at Breteuil, but when we arrived there, there were not enough beds; those there were were dirty, and the woman was impertinent, so we went on to Clermont where we arrived at nine o'clock thro' the country full of Prussian soldiery—there we had bad accommodation, so bad that the next morning we did not breakfast there, but went on to Chantilly for that purpose, and to see the palais of the Prince de Condé and the remains of the magnificent stables of that Prince. We breakfasted entirely on pears and grapes and arrived in safety at Paris, the place of our destination. There was a very disagreeable smell in this town. Just as we were passing Napoleon's pillar, the wheel of our carriage came off, and obliged us to alight and to add to our misfortunes, we could not find any accommodation excepting such as were "trop cher," however, after having thoroughly tired ourselves we found rooms facing the Tuilleries gardens, both commodious and agreeable, at seven napoleons per week. The next morning, which was Monday, we saw the magnificent Louvre, which is really delightful—you might think you there saw all persons noted in

the different ages of the world smiling upon you. We saw the Palais Bourbon. The Elephant is a most curious sight—its trunk is to cast up water, and there is to be a staircase up one of its legs into a room for people to walk up and down in, in its body. At St. Cloud we were disappointed. Mal Maison we next went to, and *I* was there also disappointed. I do not like the figures on the Etruscan vases—the pictures too were very indifferent excepting one of St. Sebastian. At this place we saw the room and bed in which Josephine died. The China, the Carpet, and the Glass manufactories we saw. The Temple is really worth seeing: the old man there told us this story, for I must not call it history, because I ought not entirely [to] believe what every body says, however the story was this—When they shut the poor King up, before he was guillotined, they put him in these apartments of the Temple, and as he was getting into bed, the officers had orders to imprison him in the tower to which they dragged the unfortunate family of Louis Seize—he was shortly after taken to the place of execution, before his own palace which is called Place de Louis Quinze—and in Napoleon's time was called Place de la Concorde. The Pantheon is also extremely interesting—it contains the tomb of Voltaire, and those of many other celebrated Authors. The Church of Notre Dame is

magnificently furnished with all the treasures of the ancient and later Kings. The Bibliothèque Royale—Le Jardin des Plantes—the wild beasts there, the Anatomy, consisting of Skeletons of Man and beast—stuffed animals of all classes—and royal reading rooms— We also saw the Fontaine des Innoçens, in Marché des Innoçens. Saturday was now passed and on Sunday we went to Mass at the Thuilleries—but there was a review of the National Guard, and we could not get in, so we went to Versailles instead. At the Hotel des Invalides we saw pretty cork models of many fortified towns in France. We also saw the Chapel there, but all this time I have not said anything of a Lacquais de place we had, whose name was Jean Costa, an Italian who spoke a little French, and a little English, but the English was quite unintelligible. This week Papa and Mr. W. amused themselves with looking over curiosity shops—whilst Mama and I amused Mrs. Campbell at home in drawing, or we went to the Louvre, and Mrs. Campbell and Mama went out shopping. On the next Sunday Papa, Mama and I went to the King's Mass. We could not get seats and were obliged to stand in the crowd, without seeing anything. The next morning we heard that Sam¹ with Abbé Trévèrn and Mr. Dundas would come to Paris on their way to spend

¹ Mr. Barrett's only brother.

two years abroad. Papa was still very anxious about Curiosity shops, and every day poor Costa was out of breath, running about after something for Papa or for Mr. W.

Friday 10th came, and with it came dear Sam, and his fellow travellers. Our rooms were at the top of the Hotel de Rivoli and Sam's on the ground floor. We went to the Théâtre Français, saw Talma, considered the first Actor—rather disappointed—L'Opera Comique, I was delighted with the ballet; Sam removed to his new lodgings in a fine old hotel—Papa settled to go on Sunday, and Sam promised to take Costa (who cooked our dinner extremely well) to Italy with him:—We could not get our passports on Sunday, and spent that day with Sam; Monday was very wet, however having obtained our passports and wished Sam and all goodbye— Poor Costa told Papa he was much obliged to him for taking him under his protection. The carriage drove off and I could not help being sorry that we left Paris so soon: we went thro' St. Cloud, Nanterre, to St. Germain— where we were obliged to sleep in the same room we dined in—*not breakfast*, for as soon as morning appeared, we set off for Meulon, where we executed that ceremony—but on our way, the wheel came off the barouche, and we were obliged to stop until some English soldiers who were passing,

fastened it sufficiently for a few francs to convey us to Vernons, and while we were breakfasting, they mended the wheel, but so slowly, that we could get no further that night than Guillon where there were no other than damp beds, so Papa and Mama sat up, while they made for me a bed of four chairs, where I slept soundly 'till morning, when we set off at 8 o'clock for Formerie [?]-there we breakfasted on honey, butter, tea, pears and eggs—the road to Port St. Omer is very interesting and pretty—on the top of the hill near the Town it changes from hills to wooded plains—while we were changing horses, an old woman came begging to the side of the carriage—Papa gave her a sous—she went to the gate way leading to the yard and crossed herself, then said her prayers, crossed herself again, kissed the ground, and stood by the door curtseying—as the horses came out of the yard, she pushed them away, because she said, it was holy ground. Papa gave her another sous, to try if she would repeat her devotions, which she did, and as the carriage drove off she curtseyed, saying she hoped the carriage would not tumble over before we got to the end of our journey—poor thing, she was, we were told, foolish— The road to Rouen is very beautiful—particularly descending the hill to the Town; the Seine flows amongst woods and hills, and is interspersed with little wooded islands

—On arriving at Rouen we were disappointed to find L'hotel de France extremely dirty, and we were again obliged to sleep in the room we dined in—We saw the Cathedral, which was partly built by our William the Conqueror. There is an immense tower at the top of it which is not Norman, and the man who conducted us said that as it had tumbled down three times, he could not tell who built it, but I suppose the same person. The inside is scarcely worth seeing—A little boy also took us to see the church, which is pretty, and to see the square in the centre of which Joan of Arc was burned—We had a bad dinner, went to bed, and set off again in the dark at seven in the morning, and proceeded to Abbeville—Here we again found everything as excellent as formerly, but there was one reason to complain, as there always is, or imagined to be, the old cook was gone, and another, tho' a man, not nearly so good a cook, had usurped her place—On such little causes, how much of human happiness is founded! From Abbeville we passed to Boulogne, and at six in the evening we sailed for England—it was a fine still evening, and the translucent water reflected the sides of our ship—Farewell to France and to a people, tho' perhaps extravagant in their praise, yet fascinating in the kindness of their manners—At length Dover Castle

rose as from the sea, to our view, and we rejoiced to find ourselves by a good comfortable English fire-side, which, even foreigners must allow, is preferable to all the luxuries in the world.—



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